THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873. TERMS {$3.00 a Year in Advance. / Single Number, 5 Cents.} No. 46.

DID YOU LAUGH?

"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."
—*Luke* ix., 55.

Friend, with what kind of spirit did you hear
That Neighbor So-and-so had gone astray
From the right way?
Pray, did it make you laugh? Say, did you sneer?
How could you dare to laugh? How could you bear
to jeer?
Is not this plain and clear,
"Who laughs at sin laughs at his Maker's frown?"
If you can laugh at one already down,
You in that act have stumbled; you should fear
Lest by-and-by you fall, perhaps below
The one whom you derided in his woe.
You laughed that Neighbor So-and-so
Had fallen in the mire!
Oh, was there in your nature nothing higher?
No sorrow for the sin, the grief, the shame?
No mourning for a tarnished, blighted name?
You laughed! For what? That Right and Truth
had failed.
You laughed! Wherefore? That Evil had prevailed.
Friend, may our gracious Lord give you to know
What kind of spirit laughs at sin and woe.
Westerly, May, 1873. GENEVA.

MANUEL THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR,

Whose name, on account of circumstances connected with the story is kept secret at her own request.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT WARREN.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

After replenishing the fire, Manuel moved again uneasily toward the dear sleeper and watched her narrowly. He applied cool leaves to her feverish brow, and laid them in the palms of her little hands. The whole tenderness of his heart was roused, the better part of his nature revolted from the contemplation of the deed he had done—while from time to time the tollings of the campanero or bell-bird on the topmost branch of some leafless mora-tree, coupled with *her* singular words about the funeral, sent shuddering and remorse through his heart and frame.

Presently the eyes of the sleeper flew open again. They looked wild and shining still, but the red had faded out of her cheeks, and her lips were blue and ghastly.

"Oh, Rose, I am very cold—deathly cold!" she said, feebly. "Call my father—tell him I am going—but am not strong enough yet. Oh, cold, cold, cold!" and she shivered in a strong chill.

Manuel threw heaps of brushwood on the flame, lifted the enfeebled girl in his arms, and bore her to the fire. There he laid her in the near vicinity of the blaze, her feet toward it, and chafed her cold limbs, uttering passionate exclamations of love and alarm.

"The bell has done tolling at last," she murmured, feebly. "They have left the cathedral, and taken his body to the grave. What a long procession! and the soldiers look too gay! The women do not attend funerals here—it seems sad. I have not seen his face since they nailed the lid down. Alas! poor Warren, I believed he loved me, and Manuel has killed him. Cruel Manuel!"

It was Manuel's turn to feel fire in his veins now. Not one word of affection or gratitude for him—her thoughts turned to her lover. He ceased chafing her hands, and cried to himself, in a low, smothered voice, "Let her die!—dying, she will be mine still!—let her die!" But the heat of the fire revived her, and slowly and surely the frightful fever was returning to her cheeks and her brow. Her language grew yet more incoherent. Now she was a child again, flying before the infuriated miner, piercing the air with heart-rending shrieks, that were answered by the startled inmates of the forest with the most unearthly yells. Manuel was in despair. All that fearful night he watched, and the gray morning found him bending over a livid face, from which all signs of life had departed—moistening the gray-white lips, kissing, while his tears fell like rain, the waxen eyelids so pale and icy. For a long time there was, apparently, neither life nor motion, then there came a faint throbbing at the heart, a cold, white moisture to the brow, and that was all. Manuel forgot to seek his own food, and to leave her for a moment was impossible. He had no knowledge of the medicinal plants that grew at his very feet, and he still knew that the deadly fever of that climate, when brought on by over-fatigue or anxiety, was almost certainly fatal in a few hours. The time grew to high noon, and yet the dense shadows of the tropical trees kept out the heat and glare of the sun. Manuel stood looking down upon that sweet, still face, growing so unearthly beautiful as the passing moments waned. His own brow was pale and his eyes sunken, while his lips bore the marks of many a thought-trial in which he had pressed his teeth into the flesh.

He thought the fair girl dying, and restlessly his eye sought a place for her sepulture. A little knoll, not far away, and which she had noticed particularly on the previous day, he selected in his mind for the spot. There he could lay the precious body, and then wander in these pathless wilds a perpetual mourner for the dead.

As he stood thus buried in his sad reflections, his quick ear caught the noise of a distant baying. Again and again he heard the sound, each time seeming nearer; then the foliage of the low growth round the base of the trees crackled and snapped, and, in another moment, Lupina, a beautiful greyhound, a pet of Della's, leaped into the clearing, sprang upon him with a low, eager howl, then flying to his mistress, he ran round and round her, whining, whimpering, licking her helpless hands, looking in an almost human way up at Manuel, then, with a prolonged cry, he cleared the space and was out of sight.

"All is over," thought Manuel, "but—" and he laughed almost savagely—"they will find a corpse. The breath must be gone—yes, they will not carry back my beautiful Della, mine! my bride in death."

Pacing back and forth, the young man waited impatiently while another hour rolled by. Yes, they were coming; the undergrowth was disturbed again, this time not alone by the bounding steps of Lupina. The branches parted, and as the dog sprang in again, Professor Vance appeared, his clothes torn and soiled, and his hands bleeding and stained. Following him closely, were Lieutenant Warren, Mr. St. Lemoine himself, haggard and lame, and the soldiers and negroes from the city and from the Everglades.

The professor glided immediately to the side of the prostrate figure, only glancing at Manuel, but Lieutenant Warren, growing deathly pale, drew his sword, and springing toward the Dane with set teeth and flashing eyes, he cried—

"Villain! you deserve death for this dastardly deed!"

The Dane drew himself up; the red in his eyes grew lurid, and he lifted his arm threateningly—but let it fall again, and pointed to Della with a smile of horrible significance, that paled the lieutenant's cheek.

"What! dead, and you smile, wretch?" cried the lieutenant, turning to where the professor stood—and St. Lemoine, in the deepest anguish, was striving to lift the beautiful girl in his arms.

"I hope not," murmured the professor, "but the system seems suffering from utter prostration. Quick, kindle a fire. A canteen—be in a hurry there, men—get some water from the spring we passed but now. I will find the necessary herbs by the time you are ready."

A guard was placed over Manuel, who sullenly refused to speak—the fire blazed again—herbs were thrown into the canteen of boiling water, and Della, her lips having been moistened with weak wine, gave signs of returning consciousness. Several of the negroes were set to work to make an easy litter—others were sent in search of fruits, and every preparation was made to transport the sick girl carefully to her home.

Meanwhile the lieutenant glared savagely upon Manuel, and took every occasion to direct Mr. St. Lemoine's suspicions against him.

At last the litter was ready; the herbs had produced some effect upon the now conscious girl, who opened her eyes and smiled languidly at sight of the familiar faces round her rude couch.

"Manuel," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as they were ready to take up their march, "this matter looks mysterious, and very much to your prejudice. However, I will not judge you. If God please to let my poor child live, it may be she can exonerate you—if not, the law must deal by you."

That was all he said. The words raised a tumult of anger in the Dane's breast, but he did not offer to speak. He only glared in return with a ferocious look whenever Lieutenant Warren came near him, and a feeling of hate sprang up in his heart as he saw how assiduously Professor Vance attended to the still weak, helpless, and—most of the time—unconscious girl; hate toward the noble-hearted man who only looked for her restoration as his reward.

By slow marches the Everglades was reached at last, where a physician was in readiness, and a couch prepared; while old Kian, dressed fantastically in a half-mourning suit of black and white, and Rose, Della's dressing-maid, stood wringing their hands and joining in the lamentations of the house-servants, who all loved Della.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANE'S SECRET EMPLOYMENT—RECONCILIATION.

"That is right, my good Rose—please draw the curtains, and send for my father. I am well enough to talk now," she added, seeing that the girl hesitated.

Presently Mr. St. Lemoine appeared leaning on the arm of Professor Vance. He looked pale; his hair was whitened, and his form bowed by grief. The meeting between father and daughter was mute but affecting.

At last Della spoke.

"You see I am better, father. I heard last night that Manuel was in confinement," she added; her cheek tinged slowly. "Poor Manuel! Father, it was all my fault. He said everything to dissuade me from going—he was bound as well as I—surprised and robbed. Oh, father, don't blame poor Manuel; how his proud spirit must have chafed!"

"Manuel shall be set at liberty immediately, and ample justice done him," said Mr. St. Lemoine; "I regret he did not tell me this."

"I can understand very well *why* he could not," said the deep, musical voice of Professor Vance, who was entirely hidden by the curtain.

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Lemoine; "poor fellow! poor fellow! I will see to it immediately;" and rising, he left the room for that purpose, leaning again upon the arm of Professor Vance.

Manuel had, in truth, been kept in strict confinement since the arrival at the Everglades. His room was double-locked, his windows were secured, and a stout mulatto stood guard at his door by day, and was relieved in turn by another of the servants, who kept watch through the night.

The room was not very large, but light and well-furnished. Matting covered the floor, and the chairs and couches corresponded in richness to the other surroundings of the splendid castle-house. As for the young man himself, the spirit of hate seemed to have taken complete possession of him. Whenever he thought of Lieutenant Warren, it was but to plan out some scheme of revenge. Conscious that he deserved to be suspected, it yet galled him that Mr. St. Lemoine, who had always reposed such confidence in him, should have yielded to the bare suspicions of Lieutenant Warren. All his hatred centred in that one point. The lieutenant had circumvented and insulted him—he should yet pay dearly for his enmity. Toward Della he felt nothing but the most passionate love, which strengthened with every rebuff, and grew on disappointment. He had sworn to himself that if she could not marry him, she should wed with nobody else—and his oath was written in blood.

On the day that Della had sent for her father—the fourth after her return, and the first of increasing strength and entire consciousness, Manuel had been busily employed. It was difficult to comprehend at a glance the nature of his work. He had a small laboratory—his table was strewn with bottles and boxes—thin wires lay here and there, and several exceedingly long and slender needles passed continually through his fingers, while he endeavored to fit them to a minute sliding-machine, which he held in the palm of his hand.

As he sat before the table he looked very handsome—masses of brown hair falling over his broad, bold temples, while ever and anon his large eyes turned flashingly toward the look-out from his window. Near his right hand a bat was confined by some ingenious contrivance—several insects, still alive, fluttered near him, and a dead animal, in appearance like a hare, lay extended and lifeless at his feet.

"This has lost its power," he muttered, lifting a half-empty vial, which appeared to have been filled with some kind of brown substance that adhered to the edges—"and it is the only thing that will serve me, because I see, after repeated experiments, that it leaves no mark. Even the puncture of a pin looks red, but this invariably closes up the wound, leaving it firm and healthy in appearance. Yet that poor fellow down there was so long dying," he touched the dead animal with his toe—"that I am certain the wourali has lost its strength. I must bide my time, however, and a friendly Muscouchi Indian (Wa-wanosh will be careful how he comes into my presence again—the traitor!) and buy some fresh made this season. Meantime, I must try my hand at the mark."

He turned; opposite stood a small target on which were pencilled many minute ciphers, and from the strange cylindrical instrument in the hollow of his hand, he shot one of the slender needle points.

"Ah, ah! I have practised to some purpose!" he said, exultingly, as after three or four shots he found that he could touch the very centre of the tiny rings. "A day or two more will make me perfect, and then I am ready," he added, with a short, exultant laugh. "It will not be long, sir lieutenant," he continued, "before I am even with you. Then your gibes and your taunts shall be returned with interest. I will even shake hands with you and make up—when you are not likely to waken up in this world. Hallos, there!"

It was not the low voice of the guard that met the ear of the Dane, but the quick, impetuous tones of St. Lemoine himself. The latter entered the room, but not before Manuel, hearing the key in the lock, removed the bat and the hare, and threw the long table-cover over his vials.

Mr. St. Lemoine came forward with extended hands.

"Manuel, I have wronged you sadly," he said; "Della has just told me all."

The young man stood still while the elder one advanced. The expression of his face had changed entirely; it was quiet, composed, even haughty.

"I am not the first man, Mr. St. Lemoine, who, in striving to do his best, has suffered from imputation of wrong-doing. Men have gone even to the scaffold innocently."

"Forgive my rashness, Manuel," said Mr. St. Lemoine, quite humbly, "I have unwittingly wronged you; but remember I am a father; I was then distracted; how could I know; what could I think?" he stopped much agitated.

"You might have trusted me," said the wily Dane, lowering his eyelids, while his voice took a sadder tone—"you have trusted me for nine long years; why not now?"

"Manuel, I was wrongly advised; in fact, worked up to it. But I can do nothing more than tender you this apology, and say that you are free, by Della's explanation."

"Thank you, sir," said Manuel, extending his hand, though somewhat coldly.

"And I have to request that you will still remain with me. You are my right hand, good Manuel; I find it so, indeed, since I have been deprived of your services. Believe me, my injustice to you shall be amply atoned for."

"I indulge in no hard thoughts toward you, sir," said Manuel respectfully; and thus the interview ended.

Manuel was restored to his old place in the household, but he was never again the same man he had been.

Professor Vance had been indisposed since his exciting march in the interior, and still remained, invalided, at the Everglades. Lieutenant Warren rode out every day to inquire after Della's health, and seemed a good deal disappointed at the turn matters had taken in Manuel's case. His brow darkened as he heard of it, and when he met the Dane he scarcely bestowed a passing glance. Both young men were equally fiery, impetuous and jealous, but in Manuel's mind a deep-rooted determination to be revenged existed; he planned for it in his waking and even his sleeping thoughts; and as Della gradually regained her health, and the old confidence was restored between the young soldier and herself, the terrible desire was strengthened.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEALOUSY—THE SECRET LISTENER.

Having become extremely skilful in the management of the infernal machine, the practice of which had cost him so much of his time, the Dane waited for his revenge. Mr. St. Lemoine and Della often spent several days at Government-House. The governor's lady, recently arrived in the colonies, had formed a strong attachment for the beautiful girl. On one of these occasions, Manuel took the opportunity of paying a short visit to Berbice, and while there he travelled into the interior and purchased fresh wourali poison from the tribes who make it in the greatest perfection.

It is generally known that the wourali poison of South America is the deadliest in the world, and that its preparation is always a mysterious, sometimes a dangerous operation. It is generally made in a hut newly erected, and the Indian who presides must be of some note among his tribe. He is provided with wourali-vine, a bitter root, and two kinds of bulbous plants, containing a green and glutinous juice. To these are added two species of ants, one very large, black and extremely venomous, the other red, minute, with a sting like a nettle. He then obtains some strong Indian pepper, which grows wild, the fangs of a labarri snake—of all snakes the most poisonous—and those of the connachonclie, and pounds them together, producing a fine powder. After boiling and straining, a liquor comes that looks exactly like thick coffee. It is then boiled again—the scum being carefully taken off, until it is reduced to a deep, brown-colored syrup.

The shed under which this poison is made is then pronounced polluted, and abandoned forever after; and the making of the wourali is considered a dangerous and gloomy operation.

This horrible decoction it was that Manuel procured. It was the strongest and the most effective, the Indians said, that they had ever made, and would produce death in man or beast in three seconds.

The Dane seemed now to breathe more freely. He lost the repulsive cast of countenance that was becoming habitual to him, and even smiled, though scornfully enough, at Lieutenant Warren's jests.

Della came from Government-House in high spirits. It had been like a carnival the whole time, dancing, feasting and flirting. She brought home rich laces and valuable goods, and two or three dressmakers. Notwithstanding she professed to have enjoyed herself so thoroughly, she grew silent in a day or two, and was more reserved than usual in the presence of Lieutenant Warren, while he, usually so gay, seemed as subdued as herself.

"Are we to have a wedding here?" asked Professor Vance, of Manuel, whom he found lounging in the verandah, one extremely hot summer's day.

"A wedding!" exclaimed the Dane, in consternation.

"So I should judge from the news communicated by Earl Tracy. He says it is considered a settled thing in town, that Lieutenant Warren and Miss Della are engaged. I thought by the preparations going on here, that the wedding was to come off soon."

Manuel caught his breath, and for a moment his handsome face grew livid, but conquering the wild emotion that sent the blood surging through his heart, he answered that he thought it was only a rumor.

"Oh! something more than that, I am certain," said the professor, with a smile so mournful, that it made his face more fascinating than ever. "As for me," he added, with a sigh, that betrayed more than he wished to be known, "I must not linger here—I must off to the forest, and seek in its solitude and my glorious occupation—" he paused, turned away, and for a moment walked rapidly back and forth, stopping a few moments after, and exclaiming, "they are a handsome couple, sir, and I judge"—he lowered his voice—"I *hope* he is worthy of her."

"He is not," exclaimed Manuel, his lips trembling with passion, "never shall he bear her to his bridal chamber."

"Take care, my friend—hasty words as well as actions, are repented of at leisure. I read your secret—have long read it; you love this peerless creature—alas! she enslaves all hearts."

Manuel stood as if struck with astonishment; it was impossible to mistake the professor's meaning. Was he, this nobly-gifted man, towering so much above ordinary men—was he, too, led captive by the artless beauty of the planter's daughter? Manuel did not want to hate *him*; he had often said in his heart—"I do not want to hate you; so be careful how you look upon the jewel that I covet;" and, before, he had never dreamed of the truth. Now he felt an instinctive rising of dislike, a black envy. It was thus toward all upon whom he feared Della might look with favor. He had cherished his passion, his jealousy, his sensitive and concealed pride, till they had made a monomaniac of him. He turned abruptly away, half-struggling with the prejudice that had come over him.

Meanwhile Earl Tracy had declared himself to Della, and been refused. He, seeing how matters stood, stooped to a companionship he had before sneered at. He courted Manuel. He read the strange, undisciplined, savage nature of the jealous Dane, and he fed the fire of his hate with fuel that made the flame leap hotter and fiercer. He told him in confidence of how many cruel jests he had been made the object—that among the officers in town he was the butt of ridicule.

"Now, my dear fellow, I don't like to tell you this," he said, resting his white glove with a delicate tapping touch on Manuel's shoulder; "egad! I didn't think 'twould make you turn so white, either; but methinks if you heard him laugh over your 'grand passion,' as he chooses to call it, with a sneering laugh, you know—and if you could hear how delicately he turns her pretty phrases into stinging contempt—but hold, sir, hold! you look very frightful, on my honor; I hope I have not done injury to your feelings."

"My feelings!" hissed Manuel, his lips livid, his eyes glaring, "what are my feelings? Have stones hearts? Have trees tongues? Has the serf a soul? My feelings! oh! perdition!" and he glared and panted in a terrible way.

"Really, I—I"—stuttered Earl Tracy, alarmed at the tempest he had evoked.

"The hound!" cried Manuel, between his set teeth; "the black, perjured, lying hound! To make me a jest, a by-word among his crew!"

At that moment the object of his hate came riding gaily up the avenue, graceful as a young Adonis; his eyes turned smilingly toward an open window where Della sat. As she saw him, he lifted his plumed hat in white-gloved fingers, and made a low salutation that spoke love and homage—then, turning his head, he observed Manuel, and for the first time seemed startled out of his military composure at sight of a visage that glared unmistakable hatred upon him. In another moment his lip curled to a scornful smile, and giving his horse in keeping of the groom, he hurried to join his betrothed.

He found her alone. Professor Vance had been walking back and forth, a moment before, regarding her with stealthy glances, and she had said to herself, perhaps, "How nobly beautiful he was!" and it might be she chanced once to wish that she had seen and known him before she met Lieutenant Warren. But the wish or regret, if there were either, was but momentary. Another second, and the professor had left the room, to resume his walk and his meditations in his own chamber.

The lovers sat and chatted together in the verandah. The moonlight was so vivid, one might read by its white rays. Not long after, a messenger rode up in hot haste with a letter for the lieutenant, saying that it came with the government dispatches, and his excellency, thinking it might be of importance, had sent it to the Everglades. The lieutenant hurried into the drawing-room to read it by the light of an astral. It was sealed and edged with black.

Somewhat unnerved, he opened it, but did not notice Manuel, who, absorbed in gloomy meditation, lay stretched, face downward, on one of the lounges, in a niche where it was impossible to recognize him, unless the position of the light were changed.

Della had followed, anxiously, and now stood at the door, perplexed at the changes that passed over the countenance of her lover. There seemed a blending of sor-

row and pride in the handsome features, yet the sorrow seemed not genuine, while the triumph or pride was unmistakable.

"Della," he said, turning gravely toward her, his face growing cold, and almost impassive, "I have lost my only brother—Lord Henry Warren. This letter brings the news; also, that my presence is immediately required in England."

"I am sorry for you," said Della, softly, "very sorry."

"He was a good brother, and yet I knew but little about him. He was sixteen when I was born—much too well grown to notice me—and married at twenty, so he has seemed almost a stranger to me. But I am sure my parents are in great trouble; they doted on him."

"And you must really hurry off to England?" said Della, her voice unsteady, as she came closer to his side.

"Yes, my love. Do you not see that this loss makes a great difference in my position? you are aware that, as my father's heir to the title and estates, I am no longer plain Charles Warren."

She stood off a little way, breathless.

"I had not thought of that," she murmured, somewhat sadly; "then you are Lord Charles Warren now?"

"Men will so address me," he replied; "but to you, Della, I am to be, still, only Charles. And Della"—he drew her toward him—"I am going to ask a very great favor of you. It is that you let me call you by the sweet name of wife, before I go. I have important reasons for making such a request—so if your good father consents, will you not say yes."

"To leave my father! to go to England?" she murmured.

"Nay, dearest, you need not go yet, if you do not wish. I will not ask so much of you; but I am anxious to say to my parents, 'I have married one every way worthy of your love, and you must prepare to receive her with open arms.' They may have formed some other plans for me, but when they know I am married, of course they will have nothing further to say."

He had placed his arm around her; he now drew her closer to him, unknowing that two flaming eyes shot stealthy glances from their covert—unknowing that deadly hate was preparing for him something very different from a bridal couch.

Her head lay on his shoulder, and her silence seemed assent. Manuel's frame quivered from head to foot as he saw the man he hated bend toward her lips and imprint a kiss upon them. He arose slowly as they went from the room, glaring after them like a tiger, and with a stealthy motion followed, saw them walk forth into the pleasant moonlight, then stole to his chamber, from which he crept a few moments afterward with a guilty step, and a face blanched of all its color.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOURALI.

As Della and the (now) young Lord Warren walked up the glistening avenue, a figure moved warily, concealed by the shade—following them, intent upon a terrible deed. The two approached the mango grove, and there, charmed by the beauty of the night, they paused, looking up to the shining tops of the distant palm-trees. His arm encircled her waist, and she leaned trustingly against him.

"You will never love the tamer scenery of cold England as you have these beautiful groves," said the young man.

"I was very happy there," replied Della, with some emotion in her voice.

"And you shall be very happy there again, if in aught I can contribute to that blessing," was his response. "My mother, Lady Warren, belongs to the old school of aristocracy, but she loves innocence and beauty better than the punctilious forms of etiquette, and I am sure her heart will lean toward you as to an own child. You will be pleased with our home—an Englishman's castle—capacious, and with some pretensions to elegance in its architecture, though by no means so imposing as your father's mansion. Ah! dearest, how little I thought when I first came here, and to while away my time instructed your father's secretary—poor Manuel, the Dane—that I should find so lovely a companion to walk hand-in-hand with me through life. Why did you start so violently, Della? and you look pale; what is the matter?"

"I thought I heard a footstep," said Della, somewhat agitated; "and oh, Charles," she added hurriedly, "there is something on my mind which I must tell you. I would have told you before, but I feared you would laugh at me."

She paused, trembled a little, but her companion reassured her.

"It is—it is this; I am subject to—our family, on my mother's side, I have learned, are subject to visitations of a supernatural kind. There, I have told you, and the burden is off my mind."

"Well, dearest," he replied, laughingly, "is that all? Perhaps I can match your confession—for last night, waking at a singular noise, I fancied I saw an unearthly figure standing near my door, and a hollow voice said 'beware.' Now, I was very anxious, after I had shaken myself, to believe the whole thing was but the effect of a too vivid dream, but, if it will reconcile you any more to your spiritual company, I am willing to call it a spectral visitation. Indeed, the voice sounded as clear and distinct as mine does at this moment, only it had a slightly sepulchral tone."

"Oh! Charles, you frighten me!" cried Della, quite terrified; "what if, through linking my fate with yours, I bring you under the same fearful ban! For worlds I would not! Have you told me all this to reconcile me? It is very foolish and childish of me, I suppose, but it has just the contrary effect. Indeed, I feel as if this very walk were haunted;" and she gazed around her with a pale face.

"By good beings, then, my Della, while you are here. Shall I tell you that I am skeptical upon these subjects? I do not believe the spiritual world has ever yet been made visible to mortal eyes, and—I am quite certain—"

A hissing sound issued apparently from the trunks of the huge trees that lined the avenue. It seemed to Della's excited fancy something supernatural.

"Let us hurry from here," she exclaimed, in low, excited tones, and hastening forward a few steps. "Quickly, quickly! my heart is faint with apprehension."

At that moment Lieutenant Warren sprang forward. Della caught his hand; she saw by the moonlight the pallor of his face. "What is it? what has happened?" she cried in extreme terror.

"I—I believe—I—am—stung," faltered the young man, his countenance changing.

"Stung? Where? When? How cold your hand is! What do you mean, dear Charles?"

Her white cheek was pressed against his shoulder.

"I—have no power—to—support you—to lift my hand. I—am stung—in my neck—some spider or—scorpion—I am faint—if I had wine—a little wine! Don't be frightened, Della," he gasped; "it—is nothing—only my strength is gone—sleep—sleep—deep sleep—" and whispering, his voice and strength exhausted, his words growing to inarticulate murmurs, he fell gradually back, sinking down insensible against the trunk of the tree.

Della stood for one moment, as if changed into stone; then, with a succession of quick, sharp cries, she flung her arms wildly over her head, and flew along the path toward the house, calling in the most anguished, imploring tones for help.

No sooner had she disappeared than some one emerged from the shadow of the mango grove, approached the dead man, stooped cautiously—apparently removed something from the side of his throat with a wild, hurried motion—muttered a few harsh, vindictive words, and, gliding noiselessly toward the house, entered it unperceived just as the servants, incredulous, rushed for the mango avenue.

Mr. St. Lemoine stood over Della, who had fallen in a fainting fit, and Rose and Kian were endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. By all these unobserved, Manuel crept stealthily up the stairs, gaining his own chamber, where, never again to spend an hour unaccompanied by the awful pangs of remorse, he threw himself upon a couch, his whole soul in arms, his whole frame for the time convulsed with mortal terror.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 44.)

St. Leger's Love;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF STANWIX.

A Romance of the Revolution.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALL, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued)

Dr. Barton opened the casement and then extinguished the lamp. Outside were storm and darkness, for the very tempest that had overtaken Lionel and Edith and their companion, was still raging around Seymour Hall.

The gallant surgeon caught the arm of the astonished and bewildered lady, and hurried her to the window. She attempted to murmur some words of gratitude.

"Speak not a word" he enjoined. "Be strong; one more effort and you are in a measure safe."

The distance from the window to the ground was not great, and the descent was made without accident or discovery.

The rain beat wildly everywhere—Mrs. Livingston had not noted while with St. Leger that the storm still raged—the darkness was intense save when the lightning illuminated the scene; but the rescuer had little difficulty in making his way with the lady from the spot—from the immediate vicinity of the Hall we mean; but then their path became beset with dangers.

The camp was in a state of excitement and commotion, for the storm now began to subside, and under cover of the night the discouraged and affrighted army was about to commence its retreat. Men and officers were continually passing and repassing, regulars, tories and a few Indians, mingled promiscuously; baggage and artillery trains were being put in motion; and at the same time, to deceive the garrison of Stanwix, an appearance of continuing the siege was made, that Gansevoort might not not be emboldened to make a night attack.

Through all this warlike tumult, if they were to leave the ground, Dr. Barton and Mrs. Livingston would have to pass. Had the surgeon been alone or with a male companion, the feat under the circumstances would not have been a very difficult or dangerous one, for in the confusion few would have thought to question him if he had been met; but with a lady accompanying him the case was different. Discovery would be almost certainly followed by challenge and arrest. Besides, St. Leger might soon sufficiently recover from the stunning blow he had received to give the alarm and institute a search. And woe to both of them if the infuriated officer should get them again in his power.

For the first few moments after the escape from the Hall, Dr. Barton had said nothing to his companion, save to urge her to hasten on, he at the same time assisting her as best he could. He feared that the intense excitement she had undergone and was undergoing, might, after the long strain which he knew had preceded it, prove too great for her strength. But the cool dash of the rain upon her, though for an instant it chilled and the more confused her, was a heavenly refreshment, and she felt strong and collected.

"We cannot escape from the camp, I fear," whispered Dr. Barton; "but if we can find temporary refuge that will be enough. The army retires to-night, and if we can remain on the camp-ground until morning our friends will find us."

"Let me not fall alive into *his* hands," she answered with a shudder. "Nor you, my brave friend; he would slay us both."

"I know it. But we shall not be retaken, I trust. This way! quick!" he suddenly exclaimed. "A body of men is approaching!"

He drew her hastily and tremblingly to a covert, where they crouched until the danger was over.

They were still near the centre of the camp, and, though slightly confused as to the exact locality, the surgeon knew they could not be far from a large tree which he remembered had been spared the general destruction. If that could be reached, they might secrete themselves in its dark low-branching pile and be comparatively safe.

He peered anxiously and searchingly around in the gloom. The last blinding gust of storm had passed, and the darkness was not so dense. Looming against the clouded sky and brought into partial dim relief by the glow of some fires that had been prevented from becoming entirely extinguished by the rain, and which were now blazing with fresh dry fuel, the eager eyes of the surgeon saw the object he sought. Like a vast green tent it stood amid the waste around.

But between it and the fugitives blazed one of those re-kindled fires and the forms of men were thronging past it. It was necessary, therefore, to take a circumlocutory route to reach the desired haven. Briefly stating to Mrs. Livingston his purpose, the two of them moved cautiously onward.

They crossed, undetected, the main avenue of the camp—for such the road between them and the tree was—and after some delay succeeded in gaining the shelter of the latter. Dripping with wet as it was, it was yet a most welcome refuge.

Dr. Barton sprang first into the tree, and, reaching down, assisted his companion to mount—a task of little difficulty even for a lady, as the branches were low.

"A very open house, Mrs. Livingston," remarked the surgeon in a low tone, after they were seated. "But neither of us would exchange it for the shelter of the Hall even if another storm were coming."

"Better this even if a thunderbolt were to rift it. And I am so grateful to you, Dr. Barton!"

"I rejoice that I have had an opportunity to serve you, madam; you who have so heroically served your country at such peril to yourself."

"You understand my action then?" she asked, tremblingly.

"I had *guessed* your object before I witnessed a confirmation of my conjecture. There were whispers and words flying in the camp, and from my position as surgeon rather than prisoner I learned enough to assure me of the mighty part you were acting."

"And you—you," she faltered, "do not look upon me as dishonoring myself in thus—"

"Madam!" he interrupted in a deep, eloquent tone. "Not a word—not a question of that character. Without you Stanwix would have fallen. I know it. St. Leger's power to achieve such a result was ample. But his attention was divided; delay, dissension and a whole train of unfavoring circumstances followed. It is *you*, madam, who have saved yonder fortress from surrender—turned back the tide of invasion—disarranged the well laid plans of Burgoyne—done such noble service as to deserve the eternal gratitude of your country."

He spoke in a low fervent tone that well expressed his sense of her heroism.

"I trust that I have in a measure aided in preventing the triumph of St. Leger. Though not to save myself alone could I have done this thing," she answered.

"You would have been justified even then."

"Alas! the part would then have appeared ignoble. But I warned him as it was—he would not see the danger."

"It was well he did not."

A pause then ensued, and necessarily, for almost perfect silence of the elements had succeeded, and the lowest spoken word might be caught by hostile ears.

After a time there was a stir of wind, and under cover of the sound, Mrs. Livingston asked of her rescuer how it was that he managed to be present at such an opportune moment to assist her.

"It seemed the will of Providence," he replied, "that I should have an opportunity to deliver you. I chanced to overhear, as I passed from the bedside of a sick officer—a favorite of St. Leger, and who was quartered in the Hall—directions given to your guard to conduct you to the parlor; and knowing also that a retreat had been ordered, the idea occurred to me that by entering the apartment in advance of either of you and concealing myself, I might overpower St. Leger and escape with you from the window. I had no difficulty in obtaining access to the room—in my professional character I have been quite privileged—and the result, thank God, is as you know."

"Thank God, indeed," murmured she, with a shudder as she recalled that awful moment and the awful look upon the face of her lover.

For hours Mrs. Livingston and the brave surgeon remained in the great gloomy, dripping tree, noting with anxious eyes and keenly listening ears—with the former more than the latter—the movements of the enemy around them.

Their position was not a perilous one—the discomfort was nothing—and would not become such unless the departure of the troops was delayed from any cause beyond daylight. They trembled as they reflected upon that contingency—it would be terrible to fall into the hands of their foes again, with so much won and safety so near!

They wondered if the garrison of Stanwix were aware of what was going on, and, if so, if they would attempt a sally.

"Their condition will hardly warrant that," said Barton, "for they must be greatly reduced. It is not them, but the army of relief that the enemy fear."

Morning was now near, and to the joy of the watchers of the night they found that the camp was becoming more and more deserted. With the coming of the earliest light the rear-guard hastened from the spot. The works were abandoned, regulars, tories and Indians had gone, and the siege of Stanwix was ended!

A great shout arose in the direction of the fort. The garrison had discovered that the besiegers had departed! Forth from the battered stronghold they poured—those valiant defenders—after the long, hot summer siege. They rushed to occupy the abandoned works of the enemy, seizing large quantities of stores and material that had in the haste and precipitancy of the retreat been left behind undestroyed.

Dr. Barton and Mrs. Livingston descended from their leafy perch, and soon made themselves known to their friends. The meeting was a joyous one, though now *the mother* rose in the heart of the long-tried woman, and her thoughts were of her little daughter, her son and Edith.

Colonel Gansevoort himself was soon met, and after a brief greeting, whose warmth atoned for its necessary brevity, he gave orders to have her conducted to the fort, where, as he rejoiced to inform her, little Gertrude, Colonel Sayton and other friends would be found. Then, excusing himself, the gallant commander was away, for his military duties were pressing.

Mrs. Livingston was escorted to the gates of Stanwix. A tall, soldierly form, and beside it a childish figure, were quickly descried. What a lighting of faces, shadowed in spite of victory, because of her, then there was!

"My child, my darling Gertrude!" cried the mother, rushing to embrace the little one.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" gasped she, in joy almost too great for her heart to bear.

And the two, between whom siege and battle and carnage and a thousand perils had been, were clasped again in the hold of love and safety.

"Pardon me, dear Colonel Sayton," said Mrs. Livingston at last, through her tears, grasping the hand of the veteran. "I saw none but my child till now."

"Pardon you!" exclaimed he, affected to tears, as many others were at the spectacle of the reunion of the two. "Would I ask you to think of me in such a moment as this? God bless you, dear Mrs. Livingston. Such an hour as the present is worth tears and toil and blood."

"God has been merciful to us all," she rejoined. "To us who are here," she added, with anxious meaning. "But what of the absent?"

"Be comforted," spoke Colonel Sayton, cheerily, but not with entire confidence. "Lionel and Edith we have reason to believe are safe—Dyke Kopinall was here and so informed us—and we shall doubtless be assured ere long of the fact by their presence."

It is unnecessary to narrate all that followed the reunion of our friends—the congratulations, explanations and varied emotional experiences attendant upon the occasion.

Dr. Barton, who, while Mrs. Livingston was embracing her child, had been receiving the greetings of the others, was able to give some information respecting many of the prisoners, concerning individuals of whom distressed inquiries were made by their friends who had been at the fort during the siege. He stated that Peter Coot and Jack Clavers had in all probability accompanied the retreating army voluntarily, thinking that Mrs. Livingston was still a prisoner, and hoping to aid her. Dyke Kopinall, also, was doubtless with them. When the three ascertained—as they at last would—that the lady was not with the army of St. Leger, they would return, and no apprehensions need be felt for their safety. The surgeon had held some slight communication with the first-named scouts relative to the matter of rescuing Mrs. Livingston, but it had been impossible to proceed further, and he therefore had acted, as we know, without their co-operation.

A few of the prisoners, who, during the confusion of the retreat, had escaped, came straggling in, even while the party were at the gates of the fort.

As to Catherine Coot, in whose fate the reader is perhaps still somewhat interested, to ascertain what befell her we must go back to a period preceding the retreat of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCERNING CATHERINE COOT.

"Out o' this! quick now, every one of ye! Up, we say, and tramp for Montreal! Stir lively, and make no fuss about it, or we'll let the red-skins loose on ye!"

Such were some of the exclamatory orders that fell upon the ears of the terrified prisoners in the camp of St. Leger, as the coarse soldiery aroused them from their sleep to compel them to join the retreating mass.

Bewildered cries and lamentations arose from the poor creatures, many of whom were slow to comprehend that the siege had been abandoned.

The brutal guard was merciless in forcing them from their quarters, giving many a cruel blow and savage thrust of the bayonet to those less active than others.

"Goodt Lordt!" groaned Catherine Coot, who, having fared remarkably well during the period of her captivity, had begun to think it was quite a fine thing to be a prisoner, and was, therefore, rather unprepared for the hardships which her wiser companions knew would come if they remained long in the enemy's hands. "Goodt Lordt!" repeated she, "it pe not taylight yet; why must a pody pe up so soont? Ish ter fort taken, I wonters?"

"Huddle along!" cried a rough voice, addressing her.

Catherine, not comprehending the seriousness of the situation, felt inclined to expostulate.

"If you blease, Mister Pritisher," she began, "I will stay a leetle longter. I ton't care if ter fort is taken; I would rather haft mine shleep. Ter rain and ter dunther geep me—"

"The fort ain't taken," cried the fellow, maddened at being thus reminded of their failure. "We're leavin' the old box, and Canady is the p'int now. Out, I say, or—"

He presented his bayonet threateningly, and the girl, realizing now that a serious turn of fortune had been reached, hastened in alarm to join her fellow-prisoners. The soldier turned to search the place to assure himself that none had attempted concealment, with the hope of thus being left behind and escaping.

With many muttered expressions of concern for herself and for Abraham, on whose account her liveliest solicitude was now again aroused, Miss Coot blundered along, finding it hard work to keep up with the other unfortunates. But the heartless men to whom the duty of moving them had been entrusted closed closely in behind, and laggards fared ill.

"Oh, Apraham, Apraham!" cried the distressed damsel, half aloud and half deep in her agitated soul. "I wonters where you pe shust now! What if you pe lost and we nefer meets enty more! Canaty is a far blace, and efen if *you* gets tere I am afraidt *I* nefer will. Oh, why could tey not take der fort instead of hafeint to runt away! It would have peen so much less drubble for me."

Catherine's patriotism, as we have seen before, was of a quality dependent upon her own convenience.

For a mile or so the prisoners were driven without a halt, in this harsh fashion, and then their progress was interrupted by a jam of troops and wagons at a narrow part of the road. The uproar, confusion and profanity of the soldiers and officers were terrifying. This was the opportunity seized by several of the captives to effect their escape.

Catherine Coot, bewildered and frightened to a condition approaching insanity, stood surveying the scene, but not comprehending its import. She had a dim idea that they had been ambuscaded, but all was to her an awful uncertainty.

Suddenly an eager, trembling hand touched hers, and a thick, excited voice whispered—

"Tis way, Catherine, po quick, and speak not a wordt."

The voice was that of Abraham Van Shoost.

"Oh, goot—"

The exclamation that rose to the lips of the girl, who, though almost stupefied as she had been with terror, had instantly recognized the beloved tones, was cut short by her lover clapping his broad hand upon her mouth.

"Not one wordt," he enjoined in a formidable whisper. "Tis way, while de guardt is pizzy tere."

She followed him mechanically, wondering if this whole experience was not another of the exciting dreams with which since the period of the commencement of the siege she had been afflicted. If so, she concluded that the ending of this one promised to be more joyful than the usual termination of the others had been.

But Catherine got fairly awake at last and comprehended the situation—she was being rescued by her devoted Abraham! The rapture this revelation gave her naturally sought expression in exclamations of delight; and the young man had some difficulty in compelling her to delay such demonstrations until they could be more safely indulged in.

Escaping notice in the obscurity and confusion, the two endeavored to make their way from the vicinity of the pass, but found that impossible, owing to the press of troops and trains now once more in motion. They therefore climbed as far as they could toward the top of the lofty bluff that rose from the road, where they remained, anxious and watchful, hearing the turbulent tide of retreat pour past, until all had gone.

Catherine's joy could then no longer be repressed.

"And we pe really safe, Apraham!" she cried. "I am glatt now that ter fort was *not* taken. But if it had not peen for you I hadt gone to Canaty with ter rest. Oh, Apraham! you safe me from ter Pritishers! What a prave man you pe!"

"Yesh, mine Catherine," returned the delighted lover, serenely. "Mine deam get stuck fast, and ten I fear you go to fat far blace without me; so I dinks to see if I could not get you from tem bloody men."

"If we put pe *together*, Apraham, it pe not so pad entywhere; put ah! if—" The idea of separation was quite too mournful to contemplate, and so Miss Coot did not finish her sentence, but left her emotion to expend itself in an expressive pause.

Abraham had been quick to accept the character of hero when he found that he was so regarded by Catherine, though the truth of the matter was that he had not had the slightest idea of attempting her rescue, until in blundering back from the spot where his team had been abandoned, by the merest accident he happened to discover her. But of this he did not think it necessary to inform her.

For some time the happy couple indulged in extravagant jubilations over their personal preservation, with hardly a pitying thought for others less favored.

"And now," said Abraham, growing practical, "I must look for mine oxen. Ter folks at ter fort pe slongt py-and-py, and I wants to meet tem mit my deam. Maype ten ter gurnel lets me geep it."

They descended from the craggy sides of the precipice, the young man supporting his "fair" companion as tenderly as if she had been the daintiest heroine of the period.

Reaching the road and making their way through wrecks of various vehicles and scattered and abandoned baggage that choked the passage, they proceeded first a few rods up the highway to the spot where Abraham hoped to find his beloved oxen.

And there, sure enough, still attached to the cart, stood the patient beasts, as if awaiting in all confidence the return of their driver.

The vehicle was partly overturned, with one wheel against a tree and the other deep in the mire.

The young man's delight at regaining possession of his team was second only to that he had experienced upon finding himself the rescuer of his betrothed.

"Ho, Puck! ho, Pright!" he called, in joyful tones. "Tere you pe—and here ish me and Catherine; I pe ter luckiest man alife?"

And so he was—the happy simpleton—for nothing *but* luck had saved the selfish twain from sharing a captivity, the real horrors of which had just commenced. Sad was the experience of the more deserving but less fortunate prisoners who had been carried off with the beaten army.

"I ton't know how ter Pritishers could expect *you* to go to Canaty," said Abraham, addressing his oxen. "You go so shlow, you would nefer get tere. I suppose tey would kill you on ter way, tey dink. Oh, I am so gladt I finds you safe!"

The probability was that in the general alarm and hurry that prevailed, the young man had been ordered to proceed with the other teamsters, the officers so directing not knowing or caring that the slow creatures could not long keep up with the rest.

Abraham proceeded at once to extricate his team and vehicle; prying the latter off from the obstructing tree, and then with encouraging shouts succeeding in getting the animals to make a vigorous effort to draw the wheel from the deep rut.

His endeavors met with full reward, and soon the cart was released and righted, the heads of the oxen turned toward the fort, and himself and Catherine, mounted on the top of a load of gathered spoils, were riding triumphantly back to the camp.

They were met by a body of the garrison of Stanwix, to whom of course each had a self-laudatory story to relate, told with a volubility that we leave the reader to imagine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ARRIVAL OF ARNOLD—CONCLUSION.

When the reinforcements, headed by the impetuous Arnold, arrived at Fort Stanwix, they found, as their leader had from the first hoped to find, St. Leger and his allies gone, and the gallant garrison in full possession of the late besiegers' works and camp.

Before the coming troops had reached the ground, they had been informed of this by their own scouts and runners. Every heart rejoiced to know that success had attended their expedition, but at the same time there was one among them, who, though he thanked Heaven as fervently as did any for the bloodless triumph, was yet agonized by this one thought—"My mother, oh, what of her!" Lionel Livingston in those moments of ignorance and apprehension suffered more than the tortures of the rack. How mighty, then, was the revulsion of feeling when he learned of the rescue of his beloved mother, and clasped her to his heart, giving her at the same time assurance of the safety of Edith! And there was Gertie, too, little laughing, blue-eyed Gertie, for whom a hundred kisses were not enough; and dear old Colonel Sayton and Dr. Barton and even Captain Hale, for he too had succeeded in making his escape. It was almost too much bliss to be crowded into a single hour. The dark scenes of war suddenly brightened with a radiance that a little while before our friends would not have dared to anticipate.

Alas! for many others there was woe enough—for the kindred of the slain and those borne into wretched captivity, and for the captives themselves. But every patriot was glad for his country's sake—Stanwix had turned the invaders back, and news of victory would be borne to the almost discouraged men, struggling against fearful odds in a not distant field.

Two days after the siege had been raised, Jack Clavers, Peter Coot and Dyke Kopinall—all of whom had accompanied the retreating army until they had assured themselves that she whom they sought to rescue was not with it—returned to the fort, where of course they soon learned the glad news of Mrs. Livingston's safety.

"How did you ascertain that my mother was not still among them?" inquired Lionel of the scout.

"It was Jack that did it," answered he. "*I* would have been following the army yet, for you see I hadn't the opportunities that he and Peter had; they were free to show themselves, but I, being in this false rig, had to keep shady, venturing among the troops only at night. The very first time I went down, after dodging along on the flank of the enemy all day, I ran against Clavers, and he had the news. The whole army thought St. Leger *was awful*, and a few of the officers knew *why*. Of course they blabbed, and then by listening even a private could find out something. Jack's ears caught the whisper, and that was enough. He knew the lady was not along. Peter was soon informed; and there we were, with nothing to do but slip away and come back. But I tell you, lieutenant," he added with a noble earnestness, "if we had not learned your mother was gone, we would have followed the army clear to Montreal, as I promised you I would."

"Thank you, Dyke, a thousand times; you and your brave companions," said the young man with deep emotion. "You shall—"

"There, there, sir," interrupted the scout, "I know just what you would say; but you shan't. I've just a thousand questions to ask; about Beck coming to life—the rascal, when I was pitying him for dead—about your leaving the cave, with that writing on the wall (mighty interesting reading that, lieutenant)—and—and—"

"All of which I shall be glad to answer," said Lionel. Which in due time he did; but as the reader is already acquainted with the burden of the communication, it is needless to repeat it.

Mrs. Livingston, before the return of Dyke and his comrades, together with Gertrude and Colonel Sayton, had gone to one of the lower forts, where they joined Edith, who had been at once informed by a messenger from her lover of the safety of his mother, and whose joy was complete when she once more beheld the friends from whom she had been so cruelly separated. The bliss of that meeting we will not attempt to picture.

There is little more to add concerning the characters of our story. The part that Mrs. Livingston had taken in the momentous events of the siege became known to many, and she was honored as one who had so served her country should be; but she could never bear to hear the painful subject referred to, nor the name of St. Leger mentioned. She had no ambition to become a heroine of history.

Lionel and Edith were married shortly after the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga; and so the occasion of their marriage was a joyful one indeed, apart from the event itself, as they could but in their private happiness reflect that the public rejoicing was in a degree owing to events that had a secret but direct connection with their own experience.

Lieutenant Livingston, after his union with Edith, continued in the patriot army, serving with honor throughout the remaining years of that trying struggle for independence, and to the proud old name he bore adding fresh distinction.

Dyke Kopinall and his fellow-rangers, of whom such honorable mention has been made in this story, all through the war did gallant service, especially when the Mohawk Valley again became the scene of bloody deeds.

Captain Wellmore Hoyt, whose chagrin at the defeat of his evil purpose of marriage with Edith Seymour was so excessive as to render him the most irascible officer in the British service—St. Leger himself excepted—was killed in an affray arising out of a controversy with one of Col. John Johnson's other officers respecting the latter's disagreements with St Leger. His sister Lydia, as good a patriot as he was a tory, became the wife of Dyke Kopinall, who, when peace was declared, felt the need of such companionship, and of a better home than his wonderful cave afforded him. Lydia made him an excellent wife, and in him she had what such a wife deserves—an excellent husband.

Abraham Shoost and Catharine Coot were made one flesh—and a great deal it was—very soon after the siege was ended. They were determined to run no more risks of being parted if marriage bonds could assist in holding them together. After the war they became dependents of the Livingstons; Mrs. Livingston, especially, in consideration of the service Catherine had performed, being desirous to retain her. The two always fared well under such protection, and gradually grew to be a little less selfish and decidedly more *patriotic*. Colonel Sayton lived several years after the close of the war—always the intimate friend of the Seymours and Livingstons. The estates of both the Seymour and Livingston families, though greatly despoiled by the ravaging hordes that afterward desolated the Mohawk Valley, remained valuable, and when peace again prevailed, rapidly recovered from the terrible usage they had received.

Dr. Barton—a bachelor at the time we introduced him to the reader—did not at any period afterward make matrimonial advances toward the lady he had so bravely rescued—as in the fitness of things some might think he would desire to do—but sought and obtained the heart and hand of another. Mrs. Livingston never married again, though she had offers from the most distinguished and excellent of the land. Among her admirers—more distinguished than excellent, however, we are sad to say—was Colonel Aaron Burr, who, being on terms of intimacy with nearly all the great families of the state, and having met most of the brilliant women of the day, pronounced her the peer of the best. Later, Gertie became a belle, marrying into the great Clinton family. Of St. Leger we have nothing more to say. He is a character of history, and those who wish to follow further his fortunes may there do so.

THE END.

(From the Marquette Mining Journal.)

A FEARFUL EXPLOSION.

On Sunday last a party of Swedes got together at the Republic mine for the purpose of going a short distance from the location on a fishing trip. Two brothers Swan and Emil Johnson, were of the party, and as they proceeded toward the fishing point stopped to obtain a knife to cut fishing rods at a store-room where a small quantity of nitro-glycerine was kept, and where exploders were made from gunpowder. Swan was the principal blaster of the mine, and Emil a miner. Emil passed into the building smoking a pipe, while Swan remained in the open door, and the rest of the party moved by. Scarcely a half-minute elapsed before a tremendous explosion took place which so completely demolished the building as not to leave a vestige of it, and tearing and pulverizing the two men so as to almost atomize their bodies. The concussion on the air was so great as to rock the buildings in the neighborhood. The party which had passed escaped injury.

There were between twenty and twenty-five pounds of glycerine, and but a small quantity of gunpowder in the building, the larger portion of these explosives being kept in a vaulted magazine some distance from this point, and it is supposed that fire was communicated to the powder from the pipe which Emil was smoking, and hence the explosion. Swan being an old and careful blaster, who had had experience in railroad employ, and with the Republic mine since October last, should undoubtedly have been more careful, and it seems strange that he did not observe Emil's pipe.

These brothers were natives of Carlstadt, Sweden, where their parents now live, and were held in high esteem by their employers and companions. Captain Pasco, of the mine, had the remains gathered with the greatest care and placed in two elegant coffins, and on Monday they were taken to the Swedes' burying-ground at Ispheming and interred.

☞ Where God's rod strikes us His staff always supports us.

JIM.

BY C. W. WALTERS.

Along the coast of New Jersey (and for all the writer knows perhaps the whole Atlantic seaboard) are numerous wrecking-stations. On a rough, lonely point of land, near to some treacherous bar that shoots its deadly tongue far out into the bosom of the ocean, stand these houses of the coast-guard. A long, low building, containing a surf-boat, life-lines, rockets, mortars, and all the appliances for saving life, when, struggling through the foam and spray, the staunch ship goes to pieces.

At the southern extremity of Barnegat Bay stands Barnegat Light, and near to it is one of these stations before mentioned. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when there was no beacon here to warn the sailor of the treacherous coast upon which he was journeying. Dark, horrible deeds, that make one shudder and grow pale at their recital, are told of this section; of false lights set out to lure confiding ships on to their destruction; of the robbery of the drowned, whom the sea cast up; of the carrying out of the theory that "dead men tell no tales." Often when sailing down the beautiful bay, in the moonlight, we have listened to the stories, told by some old weather-beaten coaster, of the days and doings of Barnegat. But now all is changed; nightly the bright light in the tower flashes out over the water, telling to the mariner so many miles away of the sands and hidden dangers at its base. Should a vessel go ashore, as they, alas! so often do, kind hearts and strong arms are always ready to aid in the noble work of saving human life; no matter how dark the night, or how fierce the tempest, the wreckers are ready when called upon.

Around these stations little settlements have sprung up, the families of men who find their living in the broad Atlantic. Rough, uneducated fishermen, who know all about the tides, and can read the signs of the weather by the sky; who know every line and sail of a vessel, and who can handle their tiny craft in the narrows and channels when tall ships make for the open sea; but who are ignorant of all else, and have never been one hundred miles from their homes.

In one of these villages, on the shores of Barnegat, lived two young men, fishermen, who might well be compared to David and Jonathan, so great was their love to each other. Together they owned the boat in which they made their excursions after sheepshead and blue-fish, and "share and share alike" did they divide the proceeds of the catch when sold at the neighboring towns. From boyhood Amos and Jim had been bosom companions, and as they grew up the intimacy became, if possible, even stronger. They never quarrelled; for although Amos was sometimes cross and domineering, yet Jim never seemed to be provoked, never gave his partner an angry reply, but with a cheery "All right, ole feller," went on with his work. It was no fair-weather friendship either, for they had stood by each other when death, in its most appalling form, stared them in the face. It was the talk of the whole place, this love that outlasted the change of years.

Led by a mutual feeling they both fell in love with Hetty, the belle of the place, and, for the first time in their lives, a cloud threatened to come between them—a cloud no bigger than a woman's hand; but one night when Amos went to visit the girl, Jim took his lantern and went to fish for bass by fire-light; when he returned he relinquished all claim to the disputed prize. He seemed so unconcerned that none dreamed of the struggle that had taken place in the bosom under that dirty red shirt, and Amos, feeling assured that Jim didn't care much for her, anyhow, went in and won the girl.

So Amos married Hetty, and his friend went home to live with them. Years passed away, and children came with their love to wean the father's heart away from his early companion; but they seemed to make no difference in the feelings of the two men toward each other—always a place in Amos's heart for Jim; while the latter, through the children, loved the father just the same. At last Denny came. No one could ever understand why it was that Jim took such a fancy to the child! If it had been his own he could not have loved the little fellow more. The house was filled with beautiful shells and sea plants brought by him from a long distance for his darling to play with. Often when he returned tired and hungry from a hard day's toil Denny would run to meet him crying for a sail in the boat; hunger and fatigue would be forgotten, the sail would be hoisted, and together they would go skimming the clear water, far out among the white caps that tossed and fretted on the bar, only to return when darkness had set in. It was Jim's delight to teach the boy the secrets of their simple navigation; to show him how to set the sail, and tack and steer; to learn him how to take the fish, and tell him stories of the wrecks which lay like skeletons with their ribs whitened and bare all around them.

Hetty and Amos had often asked their bachelor guest why he didn't get married, and have a home of his own, but he laughed and said he was too well suited where he was.

One Sunday evening after a day of quiet and repose, the little family were all assembled in the one room that served the purpose of parlor, dining-room and kitchen. Denny had fallen asleep in Jim's lap, his head resting on the broad bosom, while around the child's neck was thrown a brawny arm blackened by exposure. Amos was reading the Bible, and came upon this passage which he read aloud: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

It was the word of one "who spoke as never man spake," telling his idea of the extent of earthly friendship.

As the words fell from the reader's lips Jim ceased humming the air with which he had sung the boy asleep, and seemed lost in deep thought—he had grown very quiet. Hetty spoke to him, asking why he did not put the child in his cot, but he never

[illegible] the door.

He did not go far, only to a bench just outside the door, and throwing himself lazily upon it, smoked contemplatingly.

It was a beautiful starlight night. Beyond he could see the flashing signal in the lighthouse, glittering and gleaming like some eye of fire set in the heavens. The air was full of music—that wild, sad melody that the breakers make as they fall unceasingly on the beaten shore. He thought of that night, several years agone, when the unknown ship went to pieces just over there where the yeasty waves showed in the darkness on the Spit. Not a soul was saved—the only living thing that came ashore was a large Newfoundland dog, which was even now sleeping in the kennel just a few yards from him. He remembered how the next morning Amos and he walked down the beach and found lying upon the sands the dead bodies of two young girls wrapped in each other's embrace. They could not part them without using force, so they made one grave and buried them together, within sight and sound of the ocean in which they perished. He supposed they were friends and loved each other, and when the fatal moment came passed into the world beyond, locked breast to breast. But then the Good Book said, "to lay down his life for his friend." Yes, that was true friendship; when the time came and one was called to stand up and say, "I am for him."

The smoke from the burning tobacco had wrapped thickly around him, and in its flecsy clouds he saw a vision of a day not far distant, when his love for his friend should be tested according to the standard set up nearly two thousand years ago.

* * * * *

One bright November morning, ere the sun had risen, and the nightly baptism of dew lay thick upon the grass, Amos and Jim started for a run down to Squan. Many were the reports that had come up to Barnegat of the quantity and the quality of the catch at the former place; of the immense "schools" of snapping-mackerel; of the fine sheephead, king of table fish. So this was where the two men were going on that fall morning when they stepped into the smack, and hoisting the sail went swiftly over the water, until little Denny, standing at the door of the house, lost sight of them in the hazy distance.

Amos had the tiller, and Jim sat on one of the thwarts, quiet and absorbed in thought. A good run; and when the sun was well up in the heavens, Squan was reached. After a thorough trial, they found that the reported good fishing was like many other much-circulated stories, untrue. It might have been excellent once, but it was very poor now.

"Let's go out to the banks," said Jim, who had long before given up trying.

"We'll have to hurry then to get home by dark," replied Amos, looking wistfully out to where the white sails of the boats looked like gulls in the offing.

The anchor was lifted, the sail again set, and straight as the crow flies, full fifteen miles out on the open sea, went the light craft.

"How's fishing?" asked Amos of a man in a pleasure yacht, alongside of which they drew and dropped anchor.

"First-rate! Get your hooks in," was the answer, as the speaker hauled in two fine fellows.

They soon got to work, and found the sport, as the man had said, "first-rate," and in a couple of hours caught enough for their wants. It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. They had a long run before them, and the day was short.

"Anything but a sou'erly wind," said Jim, throwing the kedge into the boat.

Amos looked up; sure enough, the wind had shifted, and was now blowing from the south. They all knew what those pleasant breezes from that quarter meant—white squalls, that had sent many a stout fellow to the bottom of the sea.

"Straight for home, Jim, as fast as we can go!" said Amos, in response to the question of his companion as to whether they would stop at Squan village on their return.

But they did not go straight home; on the contrary, in about an hour a squall came up, which in a few moments converted the quiet ocean into a scene of terror and confusion. The man knew there was no danger, for one of these little boats will outride a tempest that will shatter and dismantle a large merchantman, but they were being driven with alarming rapidity far out to sea.

Thus they were going when night came on and the thick darkness closed around them; still driving on to the open water, and further and further, away from home, and wife and Denny.

All at once Jim started, and raising his hand warningly, said:

"Listen!"

They were all attention. Distinctly above the roar of the storm they heard the splash of paddle-wheels. Jim turned quickly around and gave a cry of horror and alarm.

A large steamship was upon them! They cried out, hoping that the men on the steamer would hear them and avert the threatened danger; but in that turmoil their feeble voices were unheeded.

Down came the iron monster, cutting the little vessel in two, and then, unconscious of the mischief it had done, passed on and was lost in the blackness; the two men were thrown violently into the water.

"Amos! Amos!" cried Jim, as soon as he recovered his senses sufficiently to comprehend what had taken place.

No reply.

Just then there came floating by him a dark body. He reached out his hand and caught it. It was part of the mast and rigging, and entangled among the ropes and cordage was Amos, perfectly unconscious. He extricated his friend, and bound him with ropes firmly and safely to the floating timber. He then climbed upon this frail support and committed himself to the mercy of the winds and waves.

They might have been thus in the water about twenty minutes when Jim saw, or thought he saw, a boat directly in front of them.

"Hello there!" he called out.

As the people in the boat did not reply, he concluded they had not heard him, so raising himself as high out of the water as he could, he called again:

"Hello there!"

He had succeeded in attracting their attention this time, for he saw a dark figure lean over the stern, and directly after came back the words,

"Who's there?"

"Our boat was run down, and we're floating on a piece of the mast," said Jim.

"Who are you?" was the next question.

"Amos and Jim from Barnegat—been down to Squan."

They must be friends or acquaintances, thought the wrecked man, when he saw that upon the mention of their names they rounded to as well as they could, for this boat too was crippled.

"Can you take us aboard?" called Jim as they passed him.

"We're nearly sinking now. If we took you two in none of us would ever reach the shore," was the reply.

"Can you take one of us safely?" continued Jim.

"Yes," responded a voice from the boat, "we might take one of you."

"All right! throw us a rope!"

After successive trials he caught the line thrown to him, and pulling himself up was soon alongside of the welcome vessel, the occupants of which he recognized as acquaintances living a short distance from his home at Barnegat.

"Jump in, Jim," said the man at the tiller, as he recognized him in the darkness.

"Did you say you could take only one of us?" he asked, in reply to the invitation.

"Yes, only one—two more in here, and we'd never see Barnegat again."

"Then take Amos. Help me with him; he's been hurt, and don't know anything."

The man spoken to looked over the side of the boat and saw a motionless, pallid figure tied securely to the float.

"He's dead!" remarked one of the crew.

"No he ain't," Jim quickly said, "he's only swoonin' like. "We were struck by a steamer."

"Come in, Jim," cried some one of the fishermen; "Amos is as good as dead. Come, get in and save yourself."

"Boys," he replied, and his tone was solemn and impressive, "mebbe I will never see you again, but promise me if you git home you will take Amos safely with you."

"Well, well, if you will have it so. Come, boys, lend a hand and get the poor feller in the boat."

The cords were cut and the unconscious man lifted gently over the side. He began to exhibit symptoms of returning reason, and Jim knew that the leave-taking must be short. Drawing himself up the side of the vessel, he caught hold of the cold, wet hand and said, "Good-bye, old chum; the pardnership's up."

This was all. Climbing again to his mast, he loosed the rope that bound him to the boat, and in an instant she had shot ahead and was rapidly going out of sight.

Long and anxiously he watched the fleeting boat; for one does not turn his back upon life and the beautiful world without sorrow and longing. Smaller and smaller it grew, until at last it disappeared.

On he floated, his strength fast failing him. All around was inky darkness, into which he peered anxiously, as if looking for some sign of succor, but save the white caps of the waves, which broke threateningly over him, he could see nothing. The wind, which was still blowing with terrible violence, whistled around him, chilling and cutting to the very bone. Alone on an angry ocean! Now on the top of some tall billow, now down in the trough of the sea. He thought of Amos, and Hetty, and wondered whether his friend was almost home. Then little Denny! God bless the dear baby, how he loved him!—he would never in this world see him again. When he thought of this, when he remembered all that was beautiful and pleasant in the life he was leaving, his courage failed him and he cried out, "Oh, God! if I might be saved!"

'Twas a cowardly cry from one who had thus offered to die for his friend—an involuntary call of weak nature against the wish of a brave, true heart; but we read that the Redeemer of mankind, He who had come into this world for the purpose of suffering an ignominious death, on the eve of his great atonement, with trembling lips, said:

"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

So Jim prayed. Not that he wished to shirk the dread consequence; only a moment of doubt and fear, as he stood on the threshold of the great unknown.

How long had he been floating thus! It seemed to him to have been many hours, but he knew that it could not have been so very long, for there was no sign of morning.

He was getting weak and benumbed, and he felt that he could not hold on much longer. If the cold, sharp wind would only cease blowing; it chilled him so. Once despair got the better of his resolution, and he thought he would close his eyes, and, slipping off the spar, go quietly down to his death; but he dismissed the wicked thought, and setting his teeth together, grasped more firmly the saving piece of wood. He cried aloud for help until he was hoarse; for he was a strong man, and was not going to death like a frightened sheep. How tired and sleepy he felt! Yes, the end was not far off! To his memory there came all the scenes and incidents of his life. From childhood until now, back from the misty past came the departed days. Up from their graves rose the long-buried dead, and he saw them face to face just as plainly as when they talked with him in the flesh. But foremost in his thoughts was Denny. He would never again climb upon his knee; he would never again take him sailing down the bay, or out to the bar. Oh! how hard it was to leave his child love. But the time had come. For an instant, with the clutch of death, he frantically grasped the spar, and amid the storm and tempest cried out,

"Oh! Father, forgive me, and bless them all!"—then he loosed his hold and slipped off into the water.

Just as Amos reached his home, and his wife and children gathered around him, Jim went down into the angry ocean, there to remain until the great day when the sea shall give up its dead.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

WHAT WE FOUND THERE.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

Bartram and I had run up from town that afternoon for a look at the place. Though a fine property, and cheap, it had remained in the market for years, many would-be purchasers having been discouraged by the village reports that it boasted an undesirable appendage—a *bona fide* ghost.

Bartram had frankly told me all this; but I was not to be diverted from my purpose by a ghost. The property suited me, and that was enough. So I declared my intention to purchase it at once.

"The dence!" exclaimed Bartram. "And what do you propose doing with it?"

"I propose enjoying it; I propose living there in grand bachelor estate, till the woman of my dreams is found."

"You can't do it. Nobody can live there over a night, I tell you."

"I know you do; but then I am so constituted, as to be unable to credit your report."

"So was Dalton. You know Dalton?"

"Yes."

"A braver man never lived."

"Never."

"Well, I came up with Dalton one pleasant day. 'Fine property, Bartram,' he said, 'very fine. I don't believe in ghosts, and will take it.' 'Better try a night there, first, Dalton,' I answered.' He concluded he would. So he took the key, and went."

"Well?"

"Well, he said it wasn't pleasant, that's all."

"And you kept your property. You are a marvellously honest fellow, Bartram."

"Dalton could not afford to lose sixty thousand. Neither can you—therefore I offer you like counsel."

"I will take it, and the property also, ghost or no ghost. Do you feel disposed to spend the night with me there?"

"No," he answered, curtly.

"You have already investigated the mystery?"

"No, again. Nor shall I do so. For some unaccountable reason I hate and dread the place. I never go there without being seized with an intolerable depression and anxiety."

"You will get over that," I laughed, "when my bachelor establishment opens its doors to you. But tell me what I am to expect to-night."

"Reports vary. But a misty, undefined shape and awful shrieks are among the wonders."

I laughed heartily.

"And you believe these things, Bartram!"

"I neither believe nor disbelieve. I only hate Wetherill Marsh's handsome legacy, and shall be glad to rid myself of it. Call it folly, if you will, but I can't shake off the feeling that some terrible curse hangs over the place."

"Then you decline my invitation?" I said, after a short silence.

"In toto. But somebody can be found to bear you company. And there's your man this minute. Halloo, Dick, come here," he called from the carriage, and the next minute had stated his wish.

"Sartainly, I'll go sir," Dick answered promptly. "I don't believe in sich things as ghosts, and then I'd do anything for my poor old master's neffy, and for this gentleman too," he politely added, with a duck of his head to me.

"Then you have never spent a night there, Dick?" I asked.

"No, sir. Not because I was afeerd, though; but because it wasn't worth the trouble."

"Well, you shall go to-night, Dick," said Bartram, shaking the reins. "I'll drive you over a little before midnight." And at midnight we were there.

Bartram faced toward the village, and then drew rein. Leaning from the carriage he pointed to a heavy bank of lightning-torn cloud.

"Platt, those storm signals hang out ominously. And hear that distant muttering! Suppose you choose a more propitious night?"

My reply was not to the point.

"Halloo, Bartram! how is this?" I called from the door-step.

"How is what?"

"Why, the door's wide open. Some one has been here since we locked it this morning."

"Oh, is that all? Don't be disturbed; it's among the mysteries you have to investigate. But will you choose a brighter night?"

"No time like the present," I laughed, and as he drove off I could have sworn that I was echoing my own laugh from every corner and cranny of the house—that I, Jack Platt, had suddenly been gifted with ubiquity.

As Dalton had said, it wasn't pleasant, and I hastily struck a light.

"Rayther curus, that," coolly remarked my companion as we glanced around us in the silence that followed. Admitting the fact I closed the door, and securely locked and bolted it. We then took a hasty survey of all the lower apartments. But our suspicions proved groundless. No skilled trickster was about; and carefully lockin- or bolting each door behind us, we returned to the hall and proceeded upstairs. As we reached the first landing, Dick grasped my arm.

"Do you see that, sir?" he whispered, pointing to the front-door wide open again. "And look there! As I'm a sinner!"

And he gazed blankly along the hall, on either side of which the doors we had just locked were slowly and noiselessly swinging back on their hinges.

"If I hadn't 'a' locked some of 'em myself I wouldn't believe it!" he muttered, and then sprung defiantly down the stairs. Holding the candle aloft he peered keenly into each room.

"Every door open as sure as you live, Mr. Platt! Well, if it don't beat natur', I don't know! But I'll lock 'em again and see what comes of it."

He did both. Scarcely had he reached my side again, when the unaccountable phenomena was repeated.

"Mr. Platt, that's a stunner!" he commented in subdued tones. "I'm a b'liever now! Didn't I lock them there doors with my own hands, and *know* they were fast? How then do they open? *What* opens 'em? There's no flesh and blood down there."

I shook my head silently, and was about to proceed to the second story, where we proposed to spend the night, when suddenly our candles flared wildly, and then as suddenly sunk to a dull, misty flame little better than darkness.

With a smothered ejaculation Dick hastily thrust a finger on his candle's wick, to broaden the light.

"No use, Dick," I said. "Come on."

But I had not advanced a step when there was a rush of feet on the stairs below, and two figures swept past us with lightning swiftness and vanished in the darkness of the hall above.

"Come! Quick!" I cried, taking the few remaining steps two at a time.

The next instant our lights were out, and I staggered against the balustrade, my blood curdling with horror as a shriek, piercing and agonized, rent the air and died away in a low gurgle of mortal anguish.

"To the back room, sir," cried Dick, in hoarse, unsteady tones. "But the matches—you have them all."

Hastily thrusting a box into his hand I relit my candle, which again burned with its natural brilliancy, and directly we stood in the room from which the sounds had seemed to issue.

Nothing there—nothing anywhere; though we searched diligently up to the attic.

"I tell you what, sir," said Dick, as we settled ourselves in the front second-story room, partially furnished by Bartram for the accommodation of some other incredulous individual. "I tell you what, sir, I didn't b'lieve in nothing like this here till to-night, as you know. But, for all that, I've heerd a deal. And, among the deal, I heerd it said the dead don't come back for nothing, and mebbe we'll have a chance to find out what these ones wants. Leastwise we'll see and hear more afore daybreak, I take it, if we don't soon. Them flarin' candles seem to say so, too," and he pointed to a large candelabrum blazing on the mantel.

"It's the wind, Dick," I said, after a glance at the mantel.

"I guess you are right, sir," he answered, rising and going to the window, "and, if you think as well, I'll jest let down the sash till the blow is over. It's going to rain like forty, and no mistake."

I did not answer. I felt unaccountably drowsy, and sank down into a large chair. It could not certainly have been very long, when a door opened and in the room beyond glowed a steady light, white and spectral. Within its circle a strange scene was being enacted.

The bare, comfortless apartment, stained by time and neglect, had vanished, and in its place was one glowing with magnificence and luxury, though nothing more than a gentleman's private study.

At the table occupying the room's centre two men were seated. The back of one was toward us, but his attitude, with the massive outline of his form, was strangely familiar to me. The features of his opposite companion were undistinguishable, the cloud of floating mist in which the scene was shrouded, thickly veiling all but the slender figure.

On the table before this one lay an open wallet, from which he counted note after note, though no sound escaped his moving lips. Presently he slapped his hand upon the pile with almost boyish glee and pushed it over to his vis-a-vis.

"There it is, my good friend," he laughed in a voice that thrilled every sense in my body, as he put the wallet in his pocket. "Won't my boy be happy?"

And as he gleefully rubbed his hands, the veiling mist was suddenly and completely dispersed. I started to my feet and fastened a vice-like grasp upon Dick's shoulder.

"Bartram's uncle! Old John Bartram!" I exclaimed under my breath. "Dick, do you see?"

"Hist! sir," he whispered hurriedly. "That black mystery's like to come out, I take it. The dead don't come afore you that way for nothing."

The vis-a-vis now counted. Directly the soft rustle of notes ceased, and a nod passed between the two.

"I knew you'd find it right," said the first counter in his former gleeful tones, "and I must have the deed for the dear fellow. It is quite ready now, of course."

"Quite ready," answered the other, as he arose and brought decanters and glasses from the opposite end of the room. "I will get it in a moment. In the meantime take a glass of wine."

Dick started violently under the hand I still kept fastened on his shoulder; for the face revealed was that of Wetherill Marsh, John Bartram's life-long friend, and the man to whom my friend, Harry Bartram, was indebted for the bequest of the fine, though unsaleable property I was about to purchase.

Marsh did not return to his seat, but stood at Bartam's side and poured out the wine. As he did so Bartram looked up at him.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Weth?" he asked, hastily and anxiously. "You have not seemed like yourself since I got here, and now you are as white as a ghost. Tell me, old boy. We can safely discuss secrets at midnight. You haven't been sowing wild oats at this late day, have you?"

"Nonsense!" returned the other with a forced laugh. "I have a bad headache, that is all. But look at this, John," proudly holding the glass just filled aloft, and critically eyeing its contents. "And now taste it, and tell me whether it was not worth the round sum I paid for it?" adding, as the other took the glass from his shaking hand, "I have a German wine of which I boast—you must taste that also; for North says it is superior to any he has ever had, and you know North prides himself on his wines."

He turned quickly as if to cross the room again. But he wheeled about as quickly. The next moment there was a flash of steel across Bartram's shoulder and as the keen blade fell the glass dropped from his hand and shivered in a rubied pool on the table, and with that dreadful gurgling groan we had heard not long before he fell heavily to the floor.

For an instant the murderer stood a ghastly image of wide-eyed horror. The next he was guarding with swift, though shaking hand, against the tell-tale gore. Then drawing the still well-filled wallet from his victim's pocket, he appropriated its contents; after which he restored it to the place from which it had been taken. This done, he left the room.

"Can it be that John Bartram died thus?" I faltered.

"Hist! hist!" muttered Dick. "There he comes!"

He bore a large bundle of tow wrapping. Throwing it on the floor beside his victim, he hastily lit a dark lantern and then proceeded, with shuddering frame and half-averted eyes, to envelope the prostrate form in its coarse winding-sheet. It was soon done, and taking up his awful burden and the lantern, he again left the room. This time we followed.

With swift and noiseless footsteps he descended to the cellar. At the great wine vault he paused and placed his burden on the ground. Quickly unlocking the heavy iron-bound door he again took up the body. With the same swift feet he descended the short flight of stairs leading to the vault. All was ready, and the work soon completed, even to the careful re-laying of the stone floor.

A few minutes more and we were in the rooms above. Marsh placed his lantern on the table and was about to cross the room, when suddenly close before him stood the bleeding spectre of his murdered friend, outstretched finger and reproachful eye alike charging him with his perfidy and crime.

For an instant he stood paralyzed, a bloody foam oozing across his white parted lips. Then flinging his arms wildly forward, he uttered that blood-curdling cry which had greeted us at the head of the stairs, its last echo dying away in John Bartram's gurgling death groan. Under the horror I reeled to a chair. Dick's hand seized me.

"Wake up, sir! wake up!" he cried in suppressed, awe-struck tones. It was really the voice of Dick, who was shaking me out of what he thought a deep sleep. "Look! look! Do you see that standing over there by the doorway, looking straight at us?"

"See what? Where am I?" I asked confusedly, starting up.

But the moment after I was wide awake, and I saw it—the shadowy, yet perfectly-defined outline of a face and form familiar to us both—the face and form of old John Bartram.

Dick started from his chair, and snatching a light from the candelabrum, strode across the room. I followed. But even as we advanced the form receded, till at last it vanished, mist-like, on the stairs.

Dick and I looked at each other.

"It means something, Mr. Platt," he faltered. "My poor old master, who died nobody knows when or how!"

"Perhaps it does," I answered, as we returned to the room we had just left. "But tell me what you saw while I slept."

"I did'nt see any more than you did; for after you dropped off, I went into a doze myself. That scream brought me out of it square enough, I tell you. When I opened my eyes there stood my poor old master, dim and ghostly-like, to be sure, but all the same my master."

"Then there *was* a shriek," I muttered, reflectively.

"I should think there was!" he exclaimed.

"Dick," I said, abruptly, "I never heard the particulars of your master's disappearance. What were they?"

"There never was any particulars, that was the trouble. He just went off one morning on horseback, and I guesses with a lot of money in his pocket; for I heard him laugh and say to Master Harry, afore he started, 'My boy, I've a nice little sum here,' tapping his breast-pocket, 'to invest for you. It's my secret now; but when I come back, my boy'—and he nodded his head significant-like, and rode off so brisk and smiling. We never saw him after that morning, sir!"

"How long did he expect to be absent?"

"Two or three days, he said. He was going to ——— for one place. But a week after, we found his horse, dead, under the bluffs beyond ———. Everybody said him and the roan must 'a' went over the bluffs, and the tide carried him off. And I b'lieved it till this here blessed night. Now I don't know what to b'lieve."

"And how did his friend Wetherill Marsh take the news?"

"Well, you see he went off the very morning after master left home, and so didn't know about it for a good spell. Master had been over here to bid him good-bye only the day before the morning he left us. Mr. Marsh was allers a wandering about and spending a deal of chink in farrin countries. But a year, or there-abouts, after it all happened, he came back to the old place here, which had somehow got the bad name it has kept, and he wasn't the same man—so broken and haggard-like—and he could'nt bear to hear my master's name, he tuk his death so to heart."

"How long did he stay here?" I presently asked.

"Only a week or so. People said he did'nt find pleasant company, and that the servants all gave him warning—said they couldn't live in the house no how. Then he went to Paris for good. But afore he went he told Master Harry as how he should leave him this place at his death, for his uncle (Master Harry's uncle that is,) had often wished he could buy it for him."

"Ah!" I exclaimed eagerly.

"And didn't you know that?" he asked, in surprise.

Absorbed in my own reflections, I did not answer, and he continued—

"Yes, he said my master had wanted to buy the place often. But he was'nt willing to part with it, and had always refused, though hard up for money, as poor old master well knew. So—"

"Dick," I exclaimed, "I have hardly a doubt that Wetherill Marsh murdered your master!"

He staggered back, gazing at me in blank horror and amazement.

"*Weth-er-ill Marsh!*" he echoed. "WETHERILL MARSH! Why, he was my master's best and oldest friend!"

"Nevertheless, I believe he murdered him that he might get the money and keep the property."

And I briefly detailed my dream. I had scarcely finished, when he caught up his hat and darted from the room.

"Wait, sir, till I bring picks and spades," he shouted back, as he went leaping down the stairs in the light of the early morning.

Considering the distance to the village I waited but a short time. He came back in a wagon, bringing implements enough to raze the house. We were soon at work.

The rusty lock of the vault door yielded to the force we applied, and with beating hearts we commenced the more laborious task.

But details are needless. Enough that they were there—the ghastly remains we sought.

I did not purchase the property. Very naturally Bartram would not part with it, and, a few months later, settled there with his family. And it may be added that no disturbing sights or sounds have ever marred their peace.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The Queen of the Monthlies.

The proprietors of the Lady's Friend call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors.

The following Serials are engaged for 1873:—"The Master of Greylands," by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne;" "A Girl's Romance," by Daisy Ventnor; "Dorothea," by Fannie Hodgson, and a Novellette by Miss A. M. Douglas.

The Lady's Friend also contains beautiful Engravings, Music, Patterns of New Dresses, &c.

TERMS.—$2.00 a year. Four copies, $6.00. Eight copies, (and one gratis) $12.00.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

Any person sending on a club shall receive a copy of the beautiful Chromo, "Little Samuel," or, if preferred, either of our Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." Ten cents should be forwarded *in all such cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents. Sample copies gratis.

Stammering cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. They received medals at the London, Paris and New York Exhibitions. For pamphlet and drawings describing the same, address Simpson & Co., Box 5076, New York. mh28-3m

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.
nov2-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.50) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea" or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy of THE POST *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $3.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 67 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks payable *to the order of the Saturday Evening Post*.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are cautioned to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

THE *Daily Chronicle*, published at Allentown, Penna., takes two articles from MAX ADELER'S "Observations" in THE POST, and neither credits THE POST nor the author. As the Chronicle *adopts* one of said articles—"Undertaking in Camden"—as an editorial, the editor must think it is good. We would call the attention of the *Chronicle* to the fact that the contents of THE POST are copyrighted, and that we must insist upon due credit being given to us and the authors, when articles are scissored from our columns.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

That is to say, not beautiful homes exactly, but homes that ought to be made beautiful.

Sometimes we have occasion to walk along a hillside avenue, from which we can look directly down into people's back yards for a mile. Do we really have the bad manners to look down into 'em? 'Deed we do. We endeavor to keep our eyes open in this world. We live to learn, and most information is valuable, even if it's no more than finding out how people keep their back yards. Back yards are a theme to moralize over. Nay, more; back yards are something to write about. You can judge a lady by her back yard.

The back yards we pass as we walk along the hillside avenue belong mostly to the working-classes of people. Some of the yards are grassy and sweet-smelling. Some of them are like pig-pens. They are bad to look at, and worse to think about after you've looked at 'em. Now, among the mysteries this world contains for me, one is why people shouldn't take as much pride in neat yards as in neat rooms, and as much pride in their back yards as in their front yards. Some of these people whose back yards thus front on the hillside avenue, like Dogberry, have two gowns, and everything handsome about them. And their yards look like the very forlornest corners of civilization. I don't know why it is. The paint around the kitchen doors and windows is covered with foul streaks and grease stains, and splashed with dirty water. Below the window, in the nearest proximity to the kitchen stove, is an unsightly pile of ashes. Atop of the pile of ashes is a pile of defunct coffee-grounds and egg-shells, and old stumps of onions are dotted over the surface promiscuously. I assure you it is a fearful and wonderful mess. The kitchen slops pass off in an uncovered drain, or, worse yet, are thrown upon the ground in one place, year after year. Wherever a green thing can grow in this much-betrodden spot, weeds grow, rank, ugly weeds, and do their poor best to cover up the hideousness of the place. And not a spear of anything else green is visible in this abominable waste of ugliness. Where the weeds won't grow and can't grow, the ground is covered with old boots, broken crockery, rusty stove-pipe, and beef-bones which Poor Tray has done his best to chew to pieces, and given up for a bad job. Sometimes the scene is varied with decaying cabbage-leaves and old hats. You have no idea how outrageous it all looks. And you wouldn't believe it, maybe, but many of the families who live in these houses and throw all this muck into their back yards, set themselves up for respectable people. It's the strangest thing in nature. How it does make one long to go on a heroic crusade against dirty back yards, like Don Quixote against the windmills. How can people put up with such foul ugliness, and bring their children up in the midst of such messes and with such recollections of home? When God made the world as full as it would hold of beautiful flowers and vines, too, on purpose to plant in people's yards, and make their homes lovely and attractive. It's a shame, so it is.

Every pleasant evening of the world, dozens of women and girls from these houses where the back yards are, promenade up and down the sidewalk in front of our house, with pretty dresses on, and their hair miraculously arranged, with their hands folded as though there were nothing in this life to do but to walk up and down the sidewalk and gossip. How I do ache to preach a sermon to 'em. I'm always meddling with what is none of my business. It's nature, and I can't help it. How I do long to say to these gossiping women and girls: For pity's sake stay at home and clear up your nasty back yards.

How on earth can you stand it? Most women spend most of their time at home. Then why in the name of common sense don't you try to make your home beautiful and pleasant? It is in your power, and yours alone, to make your home so lovely and attractive that none of your family will ever want to leave it. I pray you don't slosh about so with your greasy kitchen slops. Be careful of the paint at the back of your house. Keep it clean, and don't smear it up with grease spots and dirty water. It won't take a bit longer to be careful and keep it clean than it does to abuse it in the outrageous manner in which you abuse it at present. I implore you with tears in my eyes to take up that vile pile of ashes under your kitchen window, and plant a lovely bed of lily of the valley there. Or if it is too sunny for that, plant verbenas. If you live in the city and burn coal, don't for gracious sake be too lazy to carry your ashes out for the ashman to empty. I tell you a pile of ashes isn't pretty to have around, under any circumstances. If you live in the country and burn wood, treat your ash-pile properly, and it will by and by make the nicest of soil for your flower beds, especially if the soil of your yard is stiff and clayey. Fill up the hollows and level off your yard with the ash pile, and then pour the washing soap-suds over it, and in a year's time or thereabouts the stiff clay of your yard will be loose and rich. Burn up your old boots and old hats and beef-bones in the kitchen stove. What an object a distressed old boot or shoe is to be lying about in anybody's yard, to be sure! Looks nice and tasty, doesn't it, now?

Moreover, sod your yard. Wherever it isn't trodden upon continually, and wherever you don't want flower-beds, cover your yard with green grass. You can do it yourself. That is to say, if you go out washing for your living, if you keep a grocery, or if you make shirts at ten cents apiece for your bread and butter, then you can't do all this; but if you don't, then you can, as well as anybody else. Why shouldn't a poor woman have green grass and flowers in her yard, as well as the richest of people? I don't know any good reason, I'm sure. Poor people have as much right to the beautiful things of this world as the rich people.

Finally, cover up your unsightly old sheds with pretty, running vines. For north walls, there is nothing so pretty as the rich, dark, glossy English ivy, the "ivy green," which Dickens writes verses about in Pickwick, you remember. It climbs of itself, and lives out all winter. I have seen a north wall so thickly covered with beautiful, glossy English ivy leaves, that you couldn't have put the end of your pencil down anywhere on the naked wall. Take those ugly stones which disfigure your yard, pile them up all together, and then plant water-ivy, the hardy myrtle, and the vine popularly known as "Wandering Jew," to run over the unsightly rock pile. You have no idea how pretty your ugly rocks will look. And in much the same way all the naked, unsightly places in your yard can be made attractive. There are dozens and dozens of beautiful vines and creepers to plant in a yard. All this isn't at all poetical, I know, but it will be poetical, I assure you, after your flowers and vines grow and blossom.

In my opinion, it's woman's mission to do whatever she wants to do. You know that very well. I've said it often enough, goodness knows! But it seems to me where fate and choice have made it a woman's lot to have nothing to do except take care of her home and children, then her grand duty to the human race is to make her home and her children beautiful and happy. Children hardly ever go out from a refined, beautiful home to be ruffians and desperadoes. So let us make our homes beautiful with flowers, trees, green grass and—good-temper. They are within reach of us all.

As to the flowers, there is hardly a joy on earth like them, the bright-eyed darlings! They bless us, like the wild birds, with their beauty and brightness, and shine like the smile of an angel across this weary world. I am sure Heaven is full of flowers. ZIG.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY NANNIE.

Who does not love little children—innocent messengers from the *Heavenly Land*—to whom God vouchsafes the visits of angels? Surely not one who has one spark of that reason which raises man above the brute creation.

Old bachelors may growl and scowl and call them nuisances and pests, and tell about their "squalling and howling," but don't you believe they mean *all* they say. It's their prerogative (and I do actually believe they think it their *duty*) to be bearish. But see them when they think no one is looking. See their awkward attempts to engage the infantile attention. Watch the soft light come into the cold eyes, and the gentle relaxation of the set lips. Oh, old bachelors have a human spot in their hearts, and are not half so bad as they try to make us believe. Just let an old bachelor have a wife and baby of his own, and—well, there is nothing this side of Heaven so perfect as a bachelor's baby.

Old maids—poor, unloved, condensed vinegar and pickled peppers—who turn up their noses and compress their thin lips when they see a sweet, laughing, crowing baby—old maids are human too, and no matter what they say and do they cannot forget the divine words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

All women love children; they cannot deny it! it is second nature. They love to have the soft fingers nestling in their harder palm. They love to hear the cooing voice, and look into the misty depths of the innocent eyes. For my part, I never take up a little guileless babe but I feel to say, "Nearer my God to Thee."

Real Good Breeding.

If every individual member of society were as well-bred at heart and in mind as in outward action, there would be an end to the outcry about the falseness of the fashionable world. Polite phrases of the most stereotyped kind are sometimes heartfelt and genuine, and the desire to make your neighbors or guests happy or comfortable should be felt strongly, and the expression of that desire is assuredly harmless. The person who simply shams the kind feeling, and expresses the contrary in your absence, is certainly not well-bred; and there is no doubt that the truest courtesy is that of the heart, and innate. The sort of chivalrous feeling for the weak that is handed down to us from the earliest periods is the mainspring of much of what is called good-breeding.

☞ FORGIVENESS.—Try what forgiveness will do before you resort to punishment.

DEFEAT.

BY BARTON GREY.

He took her hand and looked at her,
No sound did that deep stillness stir;
Even the weary, wandering rain
Had ceased to beat upon the pane;
Only about the perfect mouth
A sigh more faint than the faint south
Hovered a moment's space, and then
Died into nothingness again.

The words he spoke were brief and slow—
What could he say, she did not know;
What pulse of that impetuous soul
But owned her calm, serene control?
No need for him to test her heart
With cunning fence or verbal art;
Only to ask and wait her will,
And winning, losing, love her still.

Perhaps she wavered—ay, perhaps
The shadow of the cloud that wraps
The future from our questioning gaze
Let in some glimpse of after days,
Some hint of all she might possess
In that true spirit's tenderness,
If but her weaker life might move
Unto the music of his love.

Perhaps! who knows? He only knew
The large gray eyes were dim with dew;
Saw only on the mouth's sweet bloom
The shadow of reluctant doom;
Felt only one sad, gentle word—
And then through the deep stillness heard
Once more the weary, wandering rain
Beat dull against the window-pane.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST—The latest piece of intelligence that has forced itself upon the public is, that false eyelashes are in the market. I have not inquired for them, but I am told by those who have, that they are the most delicate little invention ever seen. I tried for the benefit of THE POST readers to ascertain how the "little invention" was fastened on, but no one seemed to know. The operation must be one requiring great skill and considerable practice I should imagine. Now if they had said false *eyebrows* were in the market, the statement would have been easily believed, though, so far as that goes, I do not know that we have any reason to doubt any rumor that may be afloat.

Of course you never went into a young lady's dressing-room. It would not be proper at all; but if ever you should, take my word for it, you will be more at a loss to know what all those little "fixin's" are for, than a countryman would at looking over the silverware at Tiffany's.

I know it is dreadful, but Nature is not considered much by anybody now-a-days, and the rose and lily complexions she gets up cannot compare at all with the ones they have in those little bottles. She might save herself a good deal of trouble, if she only knew it, by just furnishing the foundation, and leaving the coloring and other ornamental portions to those who understand it better. Why! she don't even know how many blue veins there should be in a lady's temple; and consequently one of those little bottles contains a fluid of azure tint, with a little tracing-pencil that does the work as it ought to be. Another one contains a darker shade for the outer edge of the eyelid, which gives, it is said, a sort of pensive cast to a countenance in repose. Young widows who do not feel as sad as they ought to, but know that propriety requires, and society expects them to look beautifully melancholy, are very successful in the shading business, some of them proving themselves thorough artists. Young ladies who as yet have no poignant grief, those at whose breast sorrow has aimed no unerring dart, sometimes draw a fine line of black beneath the lower eyelashes, which, with a little shading of red, is thought to give the eyes a larger, brighter and more vivacious expression. Besides these innumerable little bottles of things, there are boxes and packages of nobody knows what, but containing, as I said before, everything but the foundation. Whether any of them hold a substitute for brains I am not informed, but it wouldn't be a bad idea if we had an invention for bringing them out a little stronger sometimes.

And then, too, we have our enamellers, the principal one being located in a little street running parallel with Broadway, and doing, it is claimed, an extensive business. But it is said that the white-lead plaster with which they work, is highly injurious to the health and complexion—and if a lady is not successful in her attempts at catching a husband during the first season, she may as well cry "quits," as the continuance of the practice will soon end her life, and the abandonment of it will leave her so sallow, and wrinkled, and dried-up, that she will be likely to mistake herself for her own grandmother.

They have a way too, these artists, of turning people out in a new skin. It takes ten days to do it, I believe, and the result is highly satisfactory. A party who knows all about it says the *modus operandi* is something awful, and judging from the description she gave me, I should judge she was in earnest. You lie on your back twenty-four hours, in the first place, with a mask plaster of forty-hornet power that blisters your face into a most remarkable condition. The second day you are peeled like an orange or a banana. Just imagine that! Then, in perfect repose, as if in that raw state perfect repose could be possible, you must still continue to lie on your back, suppressing all emotion, as a smile will produce a wrinkle. To smile under such circumstances would certainly be a new wrinkle. Calmly, tranquilly, with a straw in your mouth for the administration of your gruel, there you lie for several days until a new skin is formed. Still more days are necessary before the gentle breezes can blow upon it without raising waves and furrows upon the uncongealed surface; and after all these lacerating operations it is quite uncertain whether the victim comes out beautiful or looking as if she had escaped with her life from a steamboat explosion. And all that time she mustn't talk. Poor thing! That is the worst feature in the whole arrangement, and the most terrible to the patient, I've no doubt. But when the operation is completed, if she don't happen to come out beautiful, she will converse fluently I dare say. Will make up for lost time in a very little while, probably.

In fashions I do not know that there are any new ideas, except perhaps the new paper garments just introduced by an enterprising firm in this city, which are in every way so superior to all paper garments heretofore seen, that there is a desperate chance of their being regarded with something like favor. They are in fact so good an imitation of textile fabrics, that unless examined very closely, they defy detection. The skirt is pronounced a complete success, and is stamped in open-work with a beauty and delicacy that is hardly attainable with other material. These sell for fifteen cents apiece, and wear a long time without soiling, owing to the smooth, highly-polished surface. The saving in laundry bills by the wearing of these paper garments is said to be something worth while. And then, too, when the clothes are soiled and worn out, you can get a portion of your money back by selling them to the rag-man at two cents a pound.

Shoes are made of paper too, and are said to be durable. Such being the case, I don't see why a whole outfit of paper would not be a good idea—for dry weather, I mean. That ought to be in the bargain, for if a gentle paper promenader happened to be caught out in such a shower as we were favored with this morning, there would be danger of her going home in the character and costume of the Greek slave.

In the retail houses, all kinds of pretty costumes for ladies are on exhibition, but no novelties, not already mentioned in previous letters. But it is absolutely surprising to note what a trade is carried on in this one branch. It almost equals the gentlemen's ready-made-clothing business, but it is hardly possible that it can ever prove quite so much of a success, owing to the complication of the female dress, and the fact that women are not made so nearly upon the same model, as men are. Some ladies can get "fits" anywhere, and some can't get them at all. The suits are supposed to be made for perfect forms. But it sometimes happens that a lady wants a new costume, and she is not perfect in form, is a long way off from being perfect in form, in fact hasn't *any* form to speak of, but under the manipulations of a competent dress-maker, can be made to look not so very different from other people.

Of course, she cannot find anything ready-made that will "come within a mile" (that is the usual expression) of fitting her, and she goes away with the impression that the goods haven't any shape to them, and won't fit anybody. This is a mistake. The suits do fit any well-formed person, provided they can find the right size. Little women find great difficulty in getting ready-made suits small enough, but if they know their latitude and longitude, they can, with the help of a tape-measure, at least avoid misfits.

OLIVE KING.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN. NO. 2.

In our last article we spoke of several congenial occupations for women whose circumstances force them to support themselves.

To be sure they cannot all be physicians, school-teachers, nurses, and the like—but many are possessed of quick perceptions which will enable them to excel as telegraphers; and others are endowed with a nicety of touch, and a keen eyesight which would fit them for engravers; and still others are well-adapted to become type-setters, book-binders, proof-readers, etc.

Yearly the various branches of industry open their doors to women, and for those who are really anxious to procure occupation there is every opportunity given. Telegraphy is one of the pleasantest pursuits which can be adopted by a woman, and there are hundreds who are now daily employed in it.

In New York there is a special corps of women operators at the Western Union Telegraph Company's office, and also a branch office with several women—and both offices are under the charge of women managers, who have had the control of them for several years, and have always given perfect satisfaction to the public and their employers. In Philadelphia many women earn good wages at this employment; and at the various hotels in many of our cities women sit at the telegraph instruments and send messages for the guests of the house day in and day out.

The various telegraph offices throughout the country employ as many women as men, and they always receive good wages, and are never annoyed by coming in contact with the public, who will always respect a woman who respects herself.

The only opposition they have ever encountered has been from men operators who have not enjoyed the division of labor between the sexes.

It takes from two to three months for a woman of average capacity to become a superior operator; but as a usual thing, women learn sooner than men, and will often read by sound many weeks before most men can master the art. Yet women do not receive as high wages as do men. The pay for women averages from $30 to $75 per month—that of men from $35 to $125.

And this we must protest against. There is no justice in paying a woman a smaller price merely because she is a woman, if she performs her duties quite as well as her brother operator. When will men understand that this is a "*Woman's Right!*"

She has a right to her daily bread; she has a right to labor in order to obtain it; and she has also a right to the same pay for the same grade of labor, and the same amount of time expended in that labor.

Engraving is an occupation which requires an education to permit one to excel in it as a profession, and therefore it will not bring in a remuneration so speedily as telegraphy; but after a woman has become a proficient in it, it pays particularly well, and is not so confining a pursuit as telegraphy, and to one who possesses an adaptation for the art, it is an exceedingly pleasant occupation. A competent woman-engraver can earn from $20 to $30 per week; but she must have a peculiar talent for the work, and some considerable practice before she can hope to receive such wages. At Cooper Institute, in New York city, there is a free-school for teaching both engraving and telegraphy, and nearly a hundred pupils were taught last year in the latter profession, but a much smaller number in the former.

If a woman can print handsomely, and make fancy letters with her pen or pencil, and draw finely, she may excel as an engraver; without this talent, however, it is a waste of time for her to attempt it.

Copying is often resorted to by young women who feel the necessity of earning some small amount of wages, and it has many laborers, who, by their excessive competition, have reduced its rates of compensation to a mere pittance. Provided a girl can write a clear, legible hand she can become a good copyist, and yet as it requires so little skill it is only manual labor and a drudgery at that. If it were well paid for it could be endured without pain, but when only three cents a foolscap page is received, as in many instances, it would not often be well to adopt it as a profession when other doors are open to women.

Type-setting is a light and pleasant pursuit, and many women seek and find employment in it. It requires about a year or perhaps a little more for most girls to become sufficiently expert to procure employment. But one must have a good common-school education to excel in it, as a knowledge of spelling and punctuation are very essential. Girls can set types quicker than boys, however, but are not often as accurate in their work. They are usually paid so much per thousand ems, and a girl can often earn from $5 to $12 per week.

Journalism is a profession which is well adapted to the talents of many women, and its ranks are yearly reinforced by many recruits. Women reporters are attached to the staff of many cosmopolitan newspapers, and for some kinds of work they are equal to men. The remuneration for this labor is from $15 to $30 per week, but they rarely average over $20. Letter-writing or corresponding for various newspapers is, however, a far more agreeable occupation for women, and will often pay quite as well.

Visits to watering places and other summer resorts will furnish a woman with opportunities to try her talents at letter-writing for the press, and if she is successful, it is not hard work to continue on and make a reputation for herself.

We could mention several ladies of our acquaintance who make from $1,000 to $3,000 or $4,000 per annum by their pen, by writing for newspapers; and Grace Greenwood is said to realize full $6,000 a year from her letter-writing and books.

Clerks and saleswomen. Thousands of women are now laboring successfully at these occupations, and some large establishments employ them entirely; and women managers have the entire charge of the work, and receive salaries from $1,000 to $5,000 per annum. The latter is the highest pay given to any woman in this capacity in New York, and she earns it by faithful work, and fully proves that women can labor daily without losing the charms which belong to their sex—without becoming bold or unfeminine, for:

"A woman impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

THE OLD CANOE.

A subscriber writes: "I notice in your correspondents' column, a request, from H. T. W., Gold Hill, Nev., that you publish a poem entitled 'The Old Canoe.' Having a poem with that title among my scraps, I send it hoping it may prove the right one. The author's name is not attached.

"Respectfully,
"M. C. P."

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and the rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through;
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Nestles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a fallen tower;
While many a blossom of liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still;
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with a careless hand
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream ran quick—
Where the whirls were wild and the foam was thick;
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Biographical Sketches.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

The deed by which Charlotte Corday immortalized her name seems out of place in the records of Christian history. Did we read of it in the pages of Plutarch, both the deed and the heroic girl who performed it, would well accord with the characters and events that the Pagan historian so graphically paints.

In the parish register of the Norman village of Saint Saturnin des Ligueretz, under the date of July 28, 1768, occurs the entry: "Marie Anne Charlotte born in lawful wedlock of Jacques François of Corday, esquire, sieur of Armont, and of the noble dame, Marie Charlotte Jacqueline, of Gautier des Authieux, his wife." This entry was made on the day of her baptism, the day after her birth.

Monsieur de Corday d'Armont was of a noble family, as his name proclaims, but at the time of Charlotte's birth was in impoverished circumstances. Charlotte was his fourth child, and second daughter. Among her ancestors she could name the great tragic poet of France, Pierre Corneille.

Charlotte Corday's girlhood was spent in the cloisters of the Abbaye aux Dames, near Caen. In the tranquil shades of the old convent she read and dreamed; but when the Abbaye was closed during the revolution, she removed to the house of her aunt, Madame de Bretteville Gouville, in Caen. She was in her twentieth year, and dazzlingly beautiful. She was tall, yet symmetrically proportioned, graceful and dignified. Her eyes were of a very deep gray; her complexion was remarkably clear, and her hair brown, falling in rich curls upon her neck. Her dress was usually dark in hue, and the lace cap she generally wore is still known by her name.

For several years she remained in retirement, deeply interested in the progress of the revolution. No one who saw this lovely, gentle girl would have for an instant imagined that she was perfecting a design which in its end was laudable and patriotic, but in the means of accomplishing that end, reprehensible and criminal.

On the 31st of May, the Girondists fell. Madame Roland and twenty-two others awaited their death-warrant in prison, while some of the overthrown party fled to the provinces. The cruel Marat was in Charlotte Corday's eyes the chief mover in the proscription of the party with which she sympathized, and the principal cause of all the woes that then desolated France. In reality he was but the tool of Danton and Robespierre. Charlotte, although her soul was aflame with a great purpose, was but a girl, and, like a girl, she jumped at conclusions. She was not aware that Marat was only an instrument in the hands of subtler monsters; and on him she resolved to wreak the vengeance of an outraged nation.

Barbaroux, one of the Girondists, had taken refuge in Caen. Charlotte, burning with sympathy and indignation, found means of visiting him, and obtaining information of the state of Paris and the condition of Madame Roland and her fellow-prisoners. An acquaintance happened to notice her in the hall.

"So the beautiful aristocrat has come to see republicans," he said, sarcastically.

"Citizen Panthion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me; but a time will come when you will learn who I am."

That time was not far off. M. de Franqueliu, a brave, handsome young fellow, asked her to marry him, but she refused. Entering her room one morning, her aunt found a Bible open at the verse which says, that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness"—the words "for the deliverance of Israel" were underscored.

Charlotte possessed a small property in her own right. She told her father and aunt that she intended to visit England, and having distributed such of her goods as were not absolutely necessary, she made a provision for her old nurse, and on the 9th of July, 1793, she started for Paris. On reaching the city, she went to the Hotel de la Providence, near Marat's house. Here she remained two days, calmly preparing herself for the deed she had so long planned. She had intended to strike her victim on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the demolition of the Bastile, when a commemorative ceremony was to take place in the Champs de Mars; but the festival was postponed, and Marat was ill. She now resolved to visit him at his own house. On July 13th, she purchased a knife. She applied for admission at Marat's residence. Marat was in continual dread of assassination, and her request was refused. She wrote him a second note, representing herself as persecuted for the cause of liberty. She then proceeded to his house, in the Rue des Cordeliers, and disregarding the remonstrances of the porter, ascended the stairs, until she reached the door of Marat's room. The door was partially opened by Albertine, a woman who passed for Marat's wife. Albertine refused to admit the strange young girl. Charlotte insisted; and Marat, hearing the altercation, ordered Albertine to open the door. The woman complied, and Charlotte followed her conductress until she reached a narrow closet, where Marat was writing. He was in a bath; a board placed across it supported his ink and writing-materials; a coarse covering was thrown across the bath, from which his hideous head, surmounted by a soiled handkerchief, arose, filling Charlotte with disgust and horror. She told him that she had come to bring him information of the proceedings of the Girondists at Caen. He drank thirstily all her words, and said, with a fiendish smile:

"Before a week, they shall have perished by the guillotine."

Those words sealed his fate. She drew the knife from beneath the folds of the kerchief on her bosom, and plunged it to the hilt in his heart. Drawing the knife from the wound, she dropped it on the floor, and calmly went into another room. Marat had uttered one loud death-cry; Albertine and a man, who happened to be in the ante-room, rushed in. This man seized a chair and felled Charlotte; Albertine trampled upon her. She was taken into custody, and transferred to the nearest prison.

"What was your motive in assassinating Marat?" she was asked.

"To prevent a civil war," she replied.

This end was not accomplished, however, for after the murder of Marat, terror and blood made France desolate. It is true the rulers of France slaughtered, they did not make war.

Charlotte was tried, and in spite of the eloquent defence of Chauveau de la Garde, she was condemned to death. Clothed in the crimson garment ordained to be worn by assassins, she mounted the cart which was to convey her from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution. Her bearing was so calmly dignified, and her face so grandly beautiful, that men of all parties saluted her as she passed. A young German, Adam Lutz, was so deeply impressed by her appearance that he followed her to the scaffold, desiring, as he expressed it, "to feel in death the same cold axe which had severed the angelic head of Charlotte."

The executioner touched a spring; the axe fell. An assistant grasped the head, and holding it up to the gaze of the people, struck it on both cheeks. Her spirit resented the insult. Over the features of Charlotte Corday there spread an indignant flush.

Her last words to her father had been—"Crime makes shame, and not the scaffold."

Health and Talent.

It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these, and though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success or set failure at defiance. It is true, especially in this country, that the number of centaurs in every community—of men in whom heroic intellects are allied with bodily constitutions as tough as those of horses—is small; that, in general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he drew the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But of the two, a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution. A pound of energy, with an ounce of talent, will achieve a greater result than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. The first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. In any of the learned professions a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent. more brain. Wit, judgment, imagination, all the qualities of the mind, attain thereby a force and splendor to which they could never approach without it. But intellect in a weak body is "like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket." A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and highest polish; but what are these without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that your mind has become a vast granary of knowledge, if you have not strength to turn the key?

☞ Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.—*Horace Mann*.

☞ THOUGHT.—There is too much talk, too much work, too little thought.

THE HELPING HAND.

"Do you hear a touch of music
In the purple hills above you?
Can you catch the tender beauty
Of a sweet face smiling there?
Do you know for us the singing
All the while is gayly ringing,
Like the songs of sunny water,
Sweeping o'er a starry state?"

"I can hear the mellow music
Where the purple peaks are rising;
And a shadow dims my vision,
So the face I may not see.
Lest me where the way is lighter—
Lest me where the day is brighter,
For my yearning soul is longing
For the land of melody."

So the two went up together,
And the shadows fell behind them;
Step by step they journeyed onward,
Hand in hand to pastures fair.
Thus one soul can lift another,
Man can help his weaker brother,
And God's blessing ever follows
On the wings of Faith and Prayer.

THE CUBAN PATRIOT;

OR,

THE PILOT AND THE SPY.

A STORY

Founded upon the romantic realities of the present bitter struggle in "The Gem of the Antilles."

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE DIRECTOR YACHT," "THE MASKED BUST," "THE BEAU ANGEL," "THROUGH THROUGH LIFE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

ITERVAN ALVEUTE'S FATE.

He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him,
The veins grew visible upon his worthy brow,
And his proud lip was pressed as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet were there.—*Willis.*

With bitter feelings and an almost breaking heart Itervan Alvente rode away from Seaside Rest, murmuring over and over, "No, she does not love me, she does not love me!"

Then his bitterness would vent itself in curses upon his unhappy fate, and he would curse life, himself, all, all but her. Grown up together, almost, Itervan had really learned to love Faustine with a devotion that was an idolatrous worship, and, until that night, had never felt a shadow of doubt but that his affection was returned.

Terrible indeed then was the shock to find that his "castles in the air" were in ruins, that his idol was shattered.

"I have nought to live for now, and upon the field I will seek death, perhaps then she will remember me kindly. Yes, I wish I could die—"

"Halt! ah, it is you, Señor Alvente?" and from the shadow of the roadside Captain Felipe Moreno stepped forth.

"Yes, sir, it is I, and what right have you to stop me upon the highway?" returned Itervan, who was in no mood to brook the presence of a Spaniard quietly.

"I did not know who it was when I spoke; but I am an officer of Spain, and have a right to stop whom I please, especially when I suspect a man of being a vile traitor."

"This to me? I'll not submit to insult from you, Sir Spaniard," and Itervan threw himself from his horse, and securely fastened him to a small bush.

When Noel Dunbar had captured the captain he had not taken from him his sword and pistols, and hence the Spaniard still retained them, and now threateningly drew his weapon, and placed himself in readiness.

"I am ready, Señor Alvente, to answer for my words. By an unfortunate accident I lost my horse to-night, so after I have disposed of you I will take yours."

Itervan hesitated a moment, and said, "Tell me first, were you in the engagement that was fought to-night, for the battle appears now to be over?"

"I was not."

"You do not know who were the combatants?"

"You are not to ask me questions, señor, but to resent my language to you; come on."

"Captain Moreno, you are a coward, sir, or else you would not meet a man with a sword, who has no weapons."

"That is your fault, not mine," insolently returned the Spaniard.

"I am not wholly unarmed, sir, as I carry pistols; if you care to face me with firearms, I will now settle this affair."

"I am willing; here take your stand by yonder tree, and mind you take good aim, for it is my intention to kill you."

Itervan made no reply, but examined his pistol carefully, for though a short time before he had been longing to die, such is the contradiction of our natures, that now he was most anxious to protect his life, and take his adversary's.

Having carefully inspected his weapon, he turned to walk toward the designated spot, when as quick as lightning Felipe Moreno raised his pistol and fired upon him three shots in rapid succession.

Each shot struck its mark, and staggering beneath his wounds, the brave young patriot turned and tried to raise his weapon to commence a return fire upon his cowardly assassin.

The Spaniard again raised his weapon to deliver the three remaining shots, for he carried a revolver, but each cap snapped, and with a curse he cast it aside and seizing his sword rushed upon his opponent, who bravely met him face to face, although each arm hung lifeless by his side, broken by the fire of his vile assailant.

Already was the gleaming sword raised to strike, when a flash lit up the scene, a report echoed, and Felipe Moreno fell like lead upon the ground, upon which Itervan Alvente sank the moment after.

"I hope I have arrived in time to save you, sir; no, poor fellow, I fear I'm too late," and Noel Dunbar sprang from his horse and knelt beside the wounded Cuban.

"I am dying, sir; but so let it be. He took advantage of my trust in his honor."

"I heard the shots, sir, and rode on as quickly as possible; in the darkness I saw that you appeared defenceless, and that a man was rushing upon you to cut you down. Who is he?"

"Captain Moreno, like yourself a Spanish officer."

"Ha! ha! ha! so you have at length fallen by my hand, Felipe Moreno," cried Noel, excitedly, and he glanced around toward the spot where the Spaniard had fallen.

With a bitter curse he sprang to his feet, and attempted to draw his pistol, for he discovered the man whom he believed dead in the act of mounting his own horse, for the bullet had merely glanced upon the temple of Captain Moreno, stunning him for the instant. Ere Noel could fire, the horse and rider were twenty yards away, going at full speed.

"My horse is there, see!" exclaimed Itervan, and Noel bounded toward the steed, but his better nature prevailing, he stopped, and returning to the wounded Cuban, said:

"No, let him go; another day we'll meet, and I'll bide my time. I cannot leave you thus."

"I will not detain you long, I am dying."

"No, not so bad, I hope," and Noel knelt and carefully examined the wounds received by Itervan.

After a pause he said,

"I fear you speak the truth; to move you would cause your instant death; but is there anything I can do to aid you?"

"Yes, stay by me until I die, it will not be long, and then remove from my watch-chain a locket, containing the picture of one who no longer cares for me. Promise me you will give it into her hands."

"I promise; to whom am I to give it?"

Itervan groaned in an agony of pain, and then murmured—

"To the Señorita Delmont, of Seaside Rest."

"To her! and you are—"

"Itervan Alvente."

"My poor, poor friend! once before we met, the night of the landing of the stores from the Foxhound, but in this masquerade you do not remember me—I am Colonel Noel Dunbar."

"You?"

"Yes, my forces to-night met and defeated the Spanish troops, and after seeing my men in safety, I was returning to the valley to search for the man who just escaped me. You can trust me now."

"Yes—tell Faustine I died thinking of her—that I longed for death, and it overtook me soon, very soon. Tell Leon that I would have loved to die in battle in defence of my native isle; but God has willed it otherwise, and—and—oh! Heaven help me."

A paroxysm of pain passed over the wounded man, causing the blood to well out from a wound in his side; and greatly weakened, Itervan was almost unable to speak.

For half an hour Noel Dunbar sat beside the dying man, who was rapidly sinking, and then he felt the end was near, for each moment the breathing became harder drawn, the chest heaved violently, and then, with the name of Faustine trembling upon his lips, the spirit of Itervan Alvente went up out of the darkness into the light of eternity.

With a heavy heart Noel raised the stiffening form and placed it across the horse, holding it firmly there, while he walked alongside, directing his course toward the young planter's home, which he knew adjoined the Delmont plantation.

Arriving at the house, Noel aroused the servants, made known to them the sad facts of the case, and after seeing the remains placed in Itervan's own bed-room, and promising to return with Señor Delmont in the morning, mounted the horse of the slain Cuban and wended his way in the direction of Seaside Rest.

Each moment as he rode along the heavens grew darker and darker, black storm-clouds swept up from seaward, and the wind sighed and whistled through the foliage, as it each moment increased in violence.

"A terrible storm is coming on; I sincerely hope that Señor Delmont has returned from his trip, else there will be great danger to him," murmured Noel, as he rode along; and then he continued, as his thoughts took another channel; "he must have been engaged to her, and yet his dying words were not those of one who, if living, had hope. Strange that she had given him her picture. No, women do many strange things; their actions are unfathomable by men. And yet I would this painful duty were not mine, for, flirt though she must be, she has a heart. My Heavens! how the wind howls. I must quicken may pace ere the storm overtake me. Come, my good, masterless steed, let us on;" and urging his horse forward at a rapid gait, Noel Dunbar soon arrived in sight of the lights in the windows of Seaside Rest; for the family had not yet retired, having remained up to await the return of Leon, for whom great anxiety was now felt, on account of the rising tempest.

CHAPTER XXI.

TEMPEST-DRIVEN.

A piteous, fearful night,
A noble vessel, laboring with the storm,
Hath struck upon the rocks beneath our walls.
And by the quivering gleams of livid blue
Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,
And in the hollow pauses of the storm
We heard their piercing cries.
—*Maturin's Bertram.*

A strange, wild sight burst upon the vision of Noel Dunbar as he dashed up to the door of the Seaside mansion.

Servants were hurrying to and fro, lights were glancing upon the cliff, flickering through the foliage like fire-flies, and the wind in madness was howling as it came from the sea, which burst with fury upon the coast, and rebounded with a roar like artillery.

Dido seeing the approach of Noel, sprang forward to take his horse.

"Where is your master?"

"He has not returned yet, sir, from the steamer in the offing."

"And the ladies?"

"Are out on the cliff watching the terrible storm coming up, sir, for we's anxious about Marse Leon."

"I will join them there," said Noel, and dismounting he relinquished his horse to the black, and walked rapidly toward the cliff.

A gleam of lightning revealed his approach to Señora Delmont and Faustine, and also showed to Noel that there were several gentlemen present wearing the uniform of Spain.

Too late to retreat, he boldly advanced, and was kindly greeted by the ladies, while Faustine's low reproval for his rashness sent a thrill of joy through him, which the voice or look of no woman had ever caused him to feel before.

Colonel Alvarez and Lieutenant Moya were also present, having arrived but a few moments before from the scene of battle, and to them the señora presented Noel, under his *alias* of Colonel Aguero.

"I am so unfortunate as to have sent your friend, Señor Delmont, out to yonder ship, whose lights you can discern; and as the storm is increasing momentarily, I feel great anxiety regarding him," said Colonel Alvarez to Noel, who asked,

"Did he reach the ship?"

"Yes, I saw my brother's sailboat when within hailing distance, for Señor Alvente and myself walked out to watch his course seaward," said Faustine.

"Then he is safe," said Noel, recovering himself from the emotion he felt when Faustine so calmly spoke of the poor Cuban, then lying dead in his own home, bewailed only by his faithful servants. But a short while ago they stood here together. "No, I cannot tell her now, with her brother in such danger," murmured Noel, and casting aside his sad reflections, he became at once quite gay.

Each moment the winds hurtled by with greater fury, each second the clouds grew blacker, and the roar of the ocean increased tenfold, while the tempest was accompanied by vivid flashes of livid-blue flame that scurried across the heavens, darted into the foaming waters and pierced the inky, flying masses from which issued constantly a smothered moan, broken ever and anon by a crash of thunder that shook the cliff to its foundation.

Sheltered within the walls of a small lookout, the group stood in silence awaiting the result, and from their inmost hearts praying for the poor crew upon the vessel whose lights burned brightly from out the gloom, as she struggled with the wind and waves some distance from the land.

"Oh, God! he will not attempt to run in to-night," exclaimed Señora Delmont, as a more vivid flash of lightning discovered the steamer's prow turned shoreward.

Through the darkness there was borne on the winds the crashing of timbers and shrieks of agony, and in horror the group on the cliff waited to behold the mad havoc made on the devoted vessel.

"Great God! preserve them now! She has lost her main and mizzen masts," cried Noel.

"But she has steam," suggested Colonel Alvarez, "which she has not used to-night, for I have watched closely."

"Yes, sir; they have been hammering all de arternoon on her machinery, 'cause it's broke down," said Dido, who had approached and was standing near Noel's elbow.

"I feared so."

"Oh, Dido! can *you* do nothing?" cried Faustine, eagerly.

"If anybody bring dat ship in it will be de man on board her now. No use for me to try when Marse Leon there."

"Yes, but suppose she strikes? She is now under the sail rigged upon her foremast alone," said Noel.

"Then they must die," he said, and continued, *sotto voce*, "and if Marse Leon wasn't there, I'd say let 'em go to the debil, 'cause it's the Tampa."

"What!" said Colonel Alvarez, catching the last word.

"It's the Tampa."

"Ha! a noble vessel, and ably commanded; the same, señora, that your son saved from destruction some time ago in just such a night as this," continued Colonel Alvarez encouragingly.

Dido had, in the meantime, brought out a small cask of tar, and was in the act of setting fire to it, when a greenish-blue light suddenly flamed up from the steamer's decks, making all as bright as day.

"Behold!" cried a dozen voices eagerly, and then followed:

"Leon, my son, is at the helm!" from the poor mother, who, with the others, had recognized the young Cuban.

"Yes, and by his side stood a woman. God help her!" said Lieutenant Moya.

"It am Señorita Vauloo, the captain's daughter, and she's a young angel;" and Dido dropped his voice, as he added, "and her father's an old debil."

The light died away, but its brightness had shown that the steamer was almost a wreck, and that Leon guided her course.

Dido, understanding the burning of the blue-light as a signal from the pilot, instantly set fire to the tar, which flamed up with great brilliancy.

Then, amid the roll of thunder, pealed forth a crash of artillery, then another, and another, from the brazen throats of the struggling ship.

"What can it mean? Ha! Dido understands," exclaimed Colonel Alvarez, as the negro quickly darted away from the cliff, and disappeared in the darkness.

Moments, which seemed hours, passed, and again those pleading guns pealed forth; but ere their wailing moan had died away, suddenly there gleamed up from a distant point of the cliff another brilliant blaze, and by its light was seen the faithful negro.

Soon he returned to the spot, and said slowly:

"Marse Leon know he got but one mast to his ship, and he want to see what he doing."

"Should she strike, could nothing be done to save them, Dido?" asked Señora Delmont, in tones rendered calm by the awful dangers that surrounded her son.

"I can take the big lifeboat and go out to them, missus," answered the noble black.

"And I will accompany you."

"And I!" exclaimed Noel Dunbar and Colonel Alvarez; and the latter continued, as his lieutenant also volunteered, "No, Moya, you are nothing of a seaman, so remain and look after the ladies."

Dido had already started for the beach, and was quickly followed by the American and the Spaniard. The lifeboat was launched without great difficulty, for she was sheltered in a boat-house; and hoisting but a yard of canvas, the negro took the helm and commenced beating out through the whirl of waters toward where the steamer was seen, half a mile to seaward, pitching and rolling in the wild chaos of wind and waves, carrying only a foretopmast-staysail and a foretopsail, and yet struggling bravely against fate to stand in through the dangerous channel.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHIPWRECKED.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail!
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

The hours of the night passed slowly to poor Leon in his prison aboard the Tampa, and the irons upon his feet and hands chained him to the deck.

Bitter indeed were the thoughts that crowded upon him, and yet the bitterness was tinged by the memory of Elinor Vauloo's nobleness toward him in his sorrows; also, he felt that all he suffered was for his native land, poor suffering isle of Cuba, down-trodden beneath the iron heel of Spain.

What his fate might be he knew not, but he dreaded that 'twould be death. Not that he was afraid to die; but then he was young, and a brilliant future was just opening to him, and he longed to live to see the day when his native land should raise its flag proudly among the nations of the world, and—himself one of her honored defenders, boldly seek the hand of the woman of his love, with the stigma of *traitor* removed from his name.

Then came upon him the remembrance that above his head lay the cold, dead form of a man whom his hand had slain, and he shuddered to think how near he was to death.

Soon the dash of the waves against the ship's sides told him but too plainly that the sea was rising, and the roll of the vessel he could distinctly feel, and a horrible feeling stole over him as he thought how terrible would be his fate were the ship to strike.

"Off this coast in the storm that is brewing, her fate is sealed without a pilot," he murmured, and then he lay quiet and listened as each moment the noble vessel rocked more violently, and the huge waves swept by her stout sides.

Upon deck a wild scene presented itself, for the storm was raging in fury, the machinery was helpless, and under light canvas the Tampa was striving to beat to sea, away from the rocky coast.

Upon the bridge stood her commander, proud and stern, while Elinor clung to the railing near him.

With his first officer lying dead in the cabin, his second officer sick in his berth, and Midshipman Sanchez confined below, Captain Vauloo had the fearful responsibility of managing his ship resting wholly upon him.

But too proud to call for aid, he shouldered the responsibility, determined to lose the vessel rather than send for the pilot to take command.

"See, father, we shall be lost, for each moment we are drifting shoreward," cried Elinor, as she discovered that the ship made no headway against wind and wave.

"If we go down, so let it be. We have but one time to die," sternly answered her father.

"Dare you appear before your Maker with the lives of this crew upon your hands, father?"

"What mean you, Elinor?"

"I know, and you do also, that there is one person on board that can save us—"

"Hush! I will not call upon him."

"Will you lose your ship, your crew, your life, and see your only child go down before your eyes, my father?"

"Oh, God! this is terrible. No, no, no, I cannot, will not ask him!"

"See, father, how much nearer the lights on shore are to us."

The Spaniard turned his eyes upon the land; it was too true, the ship was rapidly nearing the rocks.

"Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! off our lee bow," suddenly rang out the voice of Lieutenant Martinez from forward.

Captain Vauloo trembled violently, his presence of mind forsook him, and he covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out the fearful doom before them.

"Ho! the deck! for your lives, down and release the pilot!"

The order in a strange voice startled the seamen, and a dozen rushed to obey the command, while the eyes of a hundred men glanced up at the bridge.

Then, by a gleam of lightning, they saw the form of Elinor Vauloo, her dress wildly waving, her long hair blown loose and floating on the wind, standing like an angel of the storm, her father's trumpet in her hand, ready to die at the post of honor, should the ship go down.

But a few moments passed, and then, led by several seamen, Leon Delmont came on deck, and in a second more stood by the side of Elinor and her father.

Quickly he glanced around him, at the ship, the sea, and landward, and his tones were quiet and cool as he asked,

"Am I sent for to take command?"

"Yes, yes; oh, Leon, save the ship!" cried Elinor, her courage almost failing her, now that she had a strong heart to depend upon.

"Then come from the bridge, it totters now: back! back! to the wheel," and as he spoke, Leon seized the maiden in his powerful arms and bore her astern, followed closely by her father.

"Ha! we have swept in beyond the Needle rock; but one chance now remains to save her, and if her masts are firm, it may be done. Hard! hard down with your helm, I say!"

Every eye watched in breathless suspense as the steamer obeyed her helm, but then a thrill of terror went through the crew as a loud cracking of ropes, bursting of sails, and crashing of spars told that the masts were coming down.

With a wild rush the main-mast went over—the mizzen-mast followed, and the vessel lay far down on her beam ends.

"Cut away there, like men! cut away all of you," cried the ringing voice of the pilot, and the thud of the axes resounded through the ship.

"She rights: cut loose every rope and stay—let the wreck swing clear; steady with your helm," again cried Leon; and then turning to Captain Vauloo and Lieutenant Martinez, both of whom stood beside him, he said,

"The ship must be run in and grounded in the shallow harbor; it is the only chance to save life."

"All right, sir," answered the lieutenant as he saw that his commander made no reply.

"Forward there! Set the foretopmast-staysail, and foresail; lively, lads, lively."

Seeing that his order was being executed, Leon turned to the Spanish lieutenant.

"Señor Martinez, let a blue light be burned at once—I need landmarks."

It was quickly done, and this it was that revealed to the terrified group upon the cliff the danger the ship was in.

"I must have another guide; forward there, clear those bow guns and fire three shots in quick succession."

The guns pealed forth, and after a few moments of anxious waiting Leon ordered them repeated, and then flamed up the second friendly signal of the faithful Dido.

"Lieutenant," and Leon spoke firmly, "let the boats be cleared and ready. If we weather yonder bold rock we can run in; if not, she *must go down*."

On stood the devoted ship, careening madly in the waves, and bending low before the wind as she rapidly drew near the huge and frowning rock.

Every heart stood still and then throbbed violently as Leon's loud voice rang out—

"Down! down with your helm! hard down!"

The bow swept round in obedience, cleared the dark rock, but as a cheer arose to every lip it was hushed by the loud crash of timbers as the remaining mast went over the side carrying all with it.

A shriek of terror arose as the wrecked steamer bounded high on a mighty wave, and was hurled upon the frowning reefs and crushed into a mass of shapeless timbers, while her crew were swept into the seething cauldron of waters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LIFEBOAT.

What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still.
—*Shakspeare's Henry IV.*

On, on bounded the lifeboat, riding the crests of the waves like a feather, and hurling torrents of foam from her sharp prow.

With coolness and skill Dido directed her course, while Colonel Alvarez and Noel stood ready to aid him should it be necessary.

Over the wild waste of waters, between foaming crests, that denoted sunken rocks, and through the storm-swept channel, the buoyant boat sped on, until but a few hundred fathoms divided her from the steamer.

"He won't make it, no he *can't*," suddenly cried Dido, as he saw the manœuvre made by Leon to clear Needle Rock, and almost as he spoke the mast gave way and the helpless hull was dashed upon the reefs.

"Thank God we came. Now, Dido, my good fellow, let us to their rescue—for sorely do they stand in need of aid," exclaimed Noel, and he stationed himself in the bow, rope in hand, while Colonel Alvarez remained amidships, with lines ready to cast to the unfortunate crew.

Stern and silent the negro held the tiller, and the boat rushed on, while his quick, dark eye swept the waters in active reach.

"Hard up, Dido, yonder goes a man," exclaimed Noel; and as the words were upon his lips, a cry for help came from the drowning wretch.

The negro hesitated, heard the sound of the voice, and stood on; it was not he whom he sought in that whirlpool of waters.

Form after form darted by, some shrieking for aid, others breasting the waves, and still more sinking for the last time beneath the waves—but not one point wavered the bow of the boat, as her sable helmsman headed her directly for the wreck of the steamer, where the lightning had shown him a few forms yet clinging.

"Ahoy!" suddenly cried a voice from the waters, and directly ahead.

Instantly Noel hurled the line forward, cried to Dido to luff a little, and the next moment the form of a man was pulled into the boat, nearer dead than alive.

It was Lieutenant Martinez, the third officer of the ill-fated Tampa.

"Is Leon Delmont on board?" quickly asked Colonel Alvarez.

"He was clinging to the wreck when last I saw him," shouted back the lieutenant.

"And Señorita Vauloo?"

"Was with him; the captain and all else were washed overboard."

Still on flew the lifeboat, now and then picking up a drowning man, until at length a flash of lightning revealed that the wreck had gone to pieces.

"Horrible, horrible! Holy Mother save them," cried Colonel Alvarez, and every eye swept the waters to endeavor to descry the form of Leon Delmont and Elinor Vauloo.

"Ahoy the lifeboat! luff, luff your helm," suddenly pierced a voice through the storm and darkness, and its tones were as clear and calm as though given from the deck of a staunch vessel.

"Marse Leon! Yes, oh! yes, I hear you," almost shrieked Dido as he quickly obeyed the order, and every man on the lifeboat sprang to aid in drawing on board the daring pilot.

A moment more and through the darkness Noel suddenly descried an object upon the water; a rope was thrown, seized, and Leon Delmont hauled alongside.

"Here, take her in gently," he exclaimed, and he raised the form of Elinor Vauloo.

Quickly was she drawn into the boat, and Leon soon followed, while all on board gave a cheer of joy at their safe delivery from death.

"Dido, my friend, this was noble of you; and of you, Alvarez, ha!" and his eyes fell upon Noel Dunbar, whom he at once recognized, and he continued:

"Colonel Aguero, to you, also, am I indebted for my life."

Placing the almost insensible Elinor in a secure place astern, Leon took the tiller, and over the mad waters the lifeboat bounded in search of others of the drowning crew.

After some time thus spent, Leon put the boat about, for she was now loaded deeply, and he felt assured that there was no chance to save another life.

Away flew the boat before the tempest, the waters lashed into fury around her, and threatening dangers ahead; but steadily and firmly the pilot directed her course, guided by the two beacons still blazing brightly upon the land, and in twenty minutes more she glided into the less turbulent waters beyond the inner reefs, and soon after grounded upon the pebbly beach.

Springing ashore, Leon saw a dark form lying upon the strand, and saying: "Here is a poor unfortunate; perhaps he may yet live;" he raised it in his arms, to let it fall back with a half-cry of terror.

It was the corpse of Urban Fauchon.

"Come, all of you, let us ascend to the mansion, where food and dry clothing await us," he said, recovering from the shock he had received.

Eagerly the shipwrecked crew, some thirty in number, followed the pilot, who, with Elinor leaning heavily upon his arm, and accompanied by the two Spanish officers and Noel, led the way.

At the summit of the cliff the group were met by Señora Delmont, Faustine, Lieutenant Moya, and a host of others, drawn thither by the evil tidings of the shipwreck, and warm indeed was the welcome they received.

Ordering the servants to look after the wrecked mariners, the remainder of the party adjourned to the house, where Leon said, while he placed Elinor's hand in Señora Delmont's,

"Mother, this is Señorita Vauloo, of whom you have heard me speak; her father, Captain Vauloo, has found a watery grave, so for my sake let her be as a daughter to you."

Señora Delmont and Faustine, from their hearts most grateful for the safety of Leon, felt deeply for the unfortunate and sorrowing girl, and took her into their love, with every demonstration of sympathy and kindliness.

Declining the hospitalities extended to them by Leon, Colonel Alvarez and his *aide*, with Lieutenant Martinez, of the ill-fated Tampa, took their departure, the former promising to return to the mansion to breakfast the following morning, as Noel Dunbar had requested a consultation with him upon a matter of great importance.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 41.*)

☞ SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD.—A celebrated female writer thus pleads the cause of the little girls:—"I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed—nor bow her over her book, till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever."

☞ INNOCENCE AND VIRTUE.—Innocence is not virtue, and those who fancy that it is make a fatal mistake. Innocence is simply the ignorance of evil; virtue knows it, appreciates it, rejects it. Infancy is lovely in its innocence; but life, with its stern realities, demands the strong, ripened rigor of manly virtue to resist its evil, to protect its good, to build up character, and to bless the world.

☞ CHILDREN'S TRAINING.—The training of children is a preparation for the gravest and most important relations of life, and upon the character of our home-life, must rest the well-being of our nation and the permanence of all our institutions.

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PITILESS.

Lydia discovered herself in a small dressing-room, plainly and old-fashionedly furnished, and being divested by an unwilling assistant of her walking habiliments, before she manifested, or was able to attempt any exertion of her will.

Since her meeting with the Indian officer, when in dangerous proximity to the "dark-flowing river," she had experienced a sensation as if she were in the inextricable trammels of a filmy net—a gossamer web, scarcely palpable to the touch, but which enmeshed her and paralyzed her action, as fine weeds in a river make bondsman of the swimmer, and she secretly feared with a similarly fatal result.

Now she was alone with his sister—she was sure that such was their relationship—the snake-like threads of the impalpable toils which the mysterious stranger had entwined, as it were, about her limbs seemed loosened, and she breathed more freely.

She gazed around her. An open door led into a sleeping-chamber beyond. She could see that it was, like the dressing-room, furnished in a superior manner to any she had been accustomed to inhabit; yet, withal, it looked also like the apartment in which she stood, heavy and gloomy. The furniture was dark and massive; all apparently family heir-looms, handed down to the descendants of the race from Queen Anne's time, and, though in scrupulous order, seemed not to have been cleaned or dusted since the crowning of the first George.

The whole place had a solemn, cold look; and poor Lydia, we suppose we must say wickedly, thought with a sigh that possibly the cold bed of the river would have proved the less cheerless alternative to a life passed as queen of such an establishment as this.

But her bonnet and mantle were laid aside, and she stood before the cold, hard woman, who had led her hither in the dress which had been furnished her by the spiteful Miss Camoy, feeling herself to be an outcast and a beggar, yet almost prepared to fling up the darkened, dingy window near her and leap into the street, than remain where she was a prisoner for life.

As if reading her thoughts, the grim lady said, in a tone that sounded like bitter irony—

"The wild bird when first caged always pants and yearns to escape, and will even peril its life in attempting to force its way between the interstices of its bars; such are your thoughts, are they not?"

"It is sometimes better that it should even beat itself to a death which is at least the annihilation of sorrow and agony, than to remain to meet a fate which may be far worse to endure than the pain of perishing in the struggle to get free," she answered, wearily.

"I see that I am right," rejoined the lady, with a hard smile, "and that my espionage over you must be closer than I at first suspected."

"I am a prisoner here you suggest," returned Lydia, making an effort to assert something like a control over the power which as yet had enthralled her.

"The word prisoner has many significations," returned the lady, dryly. "There is the prisoner in his cell waiting the hour which heralds his death; and there is the young lady—the queen of good looks—married to the man twenty years older than herself—a prisoner in her estimation, even though the fool who has shackled her to him wastes his wealth, and lavishes all his noblest and best emotions on the selfish ingrate."

There was evidently a direct allusion to Lydia in this speech, and she felt it to be such, although she did not clearly comprehend it. Indeed, up to this moment, so far from having any consciousness of her own powers of fascination, she had found herself powerless to resist the attraction which had brought her unresistingly hither. However, still exerting herself, she responded, in as firm a voice as she could command—

"I do not see your meaning, madam, any more than I understand my position here. The gentleman who conducted me here met me at a moment of severe tribulation, and spoke to me when I was dazed, bewildered. He intimated that he was acquainted with my family in some strange way; but now I can begin to think more clearly, I feel sure that he must be mistaken."

The lady smiled—but it was a contemptuous curl of the lip—and she shook her head.

A faint flush sprang to Lydia's cheek, and she somewhat resentfully resumed—

"At least, I am a better judge of this than you, madame; and still better, perhaps, understand how to deal with my own self-respect."

The lady raised her hand to arrest her speech.

"You were not dragged hither by the wrists shrieking," she exclaimed sneeringly.

Lydia was silent.

"You could have made no resistance, or the busybodies who throng the streets would have flown to your aid. What were you doing with your self-respect then, if you suddenly discover that it commands you to quit me and this place as soon as you see what it is like? Is it not good enough for one who is to be a queen?"

Lydia drooped her head and her eyebrows.

"I can only repeat, madam," she replied in a quiet and more decided tone than before, "that I was addressed in a moment of great distress, when about to cast myself upon the mercy of my Maker, and that, being rescued, I—I suffered myself to be led hither in my stunned abstraction because—I had not power to resist—the—"

"Fascination brought to bear on you," suggested the lady.

Lydia raised her eyes to hers.

"Exactly—that is the word," she ejaculated, impulsively.

"Have you ever heard that some persons possess a magnetic power over others?" demanded the lady, eyeing her steadfastly.

Lydia dropped her eyes suddenly, and a thrill shot through her frame, from the nape of her neck to the finger points.

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

"I am said to possess it in a degree," proceeded the lady. "Do you think I do?"

Lydia did not answer, but she assented mentally, and yearned for a chance to escape from it.

"My brother Cleveland is said to possess it in a remarkable degree," continued the lady; "and although he seldom exercises it—indeed never, unless with some very special object—he may have found one of those special purposes in reference to you.

At all events, he believes that he—not you—is acquainted with your origin, and in connection with that he has some long, very long-cherished design, which he has devoted his life to accomplish. Whether he be mistaken or not with regard to your birth, I am compelled to fall in with his views, and obey his mandates. He may be mistaken in his surmises about you; if that be proved so, you will be free to quit and marry the first journeyman worker you may meet in your peregrinations who will have you; if Cleveland be not mistaken, I am sure he has resolved, as he said to you, to make you *his*—his queen, forsooth; or, what he may live to find a more sober and practical fact, his *wife!*"

She uttered the concluding words with a degree of vicious acrimony, which at once conveyed to Lydia's mind that she would be quite as averse from such an alliance as herself.

Thrilled and dismayed as she had been by an announcement so confidently flung at her, as it were, she yet instantly extracted from it a slight morsel of comforting hope; for if the individual before her intimated her feelings by the tone in which she delivered her remarks, she would, in all probability, aid her in escaping from the thraldom of the mysterious Cleveland Dysart, whose name she now heard for the first time.

Striving to collect and concentrate her thoughts and energies to fulfil the purpose and to follow the course she was now sufficiently clear-minded to perceive was the proper one for her to take the moment she was free to act, she assumed all the dignity with which nature had endowed her, turned her full, large, clear eyes upon those of, as it seemed, her keeper, and said—

"You are, I presume, Miss Dysart?"

The lady's eyes sparkled, corruscated, shot out lines of light which made Lydia feel faint, and banished at once all the strength and firmness she had been summoning up.

"I am Agatha Dysart, spinster," she returned, showing two rows of even, pearly white teeth, which made her face look ghastly. "Spinster, unmarried, Miss Dysart, as you have surmised. If you are she whom my Brother Cleveland says you are, to her who gave you birth and being I owe a desolate, blighted life. To that vision of youth and beauty, with a soul within as black as frailty and sin could make it, I am indebted for being yet Agatha Dysart. To that queen of beauty, that epitome of loveliness without and of loathliness within, I am under the obligation of my single-blessedness. I loved when I was your age, girl, with a passionate singleness which you cannot have known, and as her offspring—if you are hers—will never know; she, that beautiful demon, seduced from me him to whom I had given my heart, and who, with protestations and oaths, had sworn that he had endowed me with his whole soul and being. I am Miss Dysart, nevertheless, thanks to the creature whom Cleveland declares to be your mother. Do you not comprehend that I have invested her memory, even her name, with my inextinguishable hate?"

"What is her name?" demanded Lydia, with sudden vehemence, pressing her hands upon her throat, and looking again into Miss Dysart's eyes.

Then a faint cry issued from her lips, for she felt an acute pain pass through her brain as she received the strange, lurid, electric gleam which shot forth from the orbs of the strange woman confronting her.

Once more that paralysis of will and power seized her, and she stood motionless and trembling, feeling nerveless and strengthless beneath the supernatural radiance of the glance which had been darted at her.

"Her name!" echoed Miss Dysart, with trembling lips. "No! It is no part of the hateful task imposed on me to repeat it. It repeats itself incessantly in my brain. I have made pilgrimages to her tomb, that, kneeling at its side, I might curse her memory—"

Lydia screamed and clasped her hands.

"Have mercy," she ejaculated, with a difficulty of articulation that was almost insuperable. "You may be torturing me unnecessarily. The only mother I have known yet lives—"

"Aye, and pray that she may prove to be your mother," interposed Agatha Dysart, with malignant bitterness. "Better had she been a household drudge with some purity and reputation, than the high-born harlot—"

Once more Lydia shrieked, and this time wildly. She thrust her fingers in her ears, and staggered and swayed as she went into the adjoining room, and, sinking upon a chair, buried her weeping eyes in her hands.

Agatha Dysart, however, again stood by her side. Lydia had not heard her footstep, nor the rustle of her garments, but a cold thrill went through her nerves, and a sense abruptly filled her brain that a spectre was in her presence. It was a sensation which she recognized only too quickly, for it was the same which had affected her when she first discovered the eyes of Cleveland Dysart fixed upon her own.

She had no power to fly again, and the woman went on with the same relentless bitterness.

"Wretched girl," she resumed, in her inflexible voice, "you need not wince if you know yourself to be the child of common parents. It is, I fear, that you shudder and cry at my words because some small, still voice within you forbids you feeling the filial instinct for those who are not entitled to it. Certainly your frame—your carriage, your appearance generally—is not that of one sprung from a low origin, but I cannot decide, as I would fain do now, upon your lineaments, for I never saw the face of my unpardonable enemy, and you may be one upon whom I might waste the workings of a long-cherished revenge. I will, however, tell you this, that my Brother Cleveland, who conducted you hither and placed you in my charge, assures me of his conviction that you are the daughter of his enemy. He should know, for he gave to her, as I did to another, that priceless treasure, his whole heart. She swore that she loved him with an equal adoration, and she jilted him. He would scarcely be mistaken in the resemblance between her and you. He made her queen of his soul. She has been ever his queen, though she banished him from the land and from happiness—until now that he has found you. In brief, it is his intention, as I understand him, to transfer his love from the mother to the daughter. He will make you his queen, and seek in your charms a solace for those he lost. Be it so; if it be accomplished, I shall be your implacable enemy—"

Lydia sprang to her feet in wild excitement.

"This can never be!" she cried, vehemently. "Let me go. Woman, let me depart—let me go. I will go—I will—"

She suddenly ceased, pressed her hands to her temples, uttered a moan of anguish, and fell back on to her chair.

The pale blue gleam darted from the eyes of Agatha Dysart had pierced her brain once more, and seemed to deprive her of all strength, and even the ability to think.

"You will?" ejaculated the latter, with a scornful laugh. "You will? Foolish girl, it is *I* who *will*, I who have a will of far superior power to yours, and by its exercise can compel you to obey me in a lamb-like way. Obey me, remember, when even I am not so near you as I am now. Obey me when chambers—nay, distances which make the power I possess appear incredible—separate us. You cannot be permitted to liberate yourself from the guardianship—it is an acceptable term, since you appear fastidious—to which you have been committed. Indeed, I may tell you further that my Brother Cleveland possesses the wonderful power of dominating his will with an extraordinary intensity. I—I who can paralyze your action at a glance—am equally as powerless as you now are when under the control of his mysterious influence. Do not forget that, and remain here patiently for circumstances to take their course. You will have the treatment of a lady, and in time, you know, birds sing in their cages; you can try it, for you may be lifted into an exalted position. At all events, it is your wisest plan to accept your situation with such resignation as you can command, and to understand that any attempt to escape will become known to me almost as soon as formed, and will be fruitless. This suite of rooms will be appropriated to you, an attendant provided by myself will minister to your few wants, and now—warble or weep as the humor moves you until—ah! when?"

She did not answer her own query, and a silence ensued, which soon became intolerable to Lydia, from the mysterious stillness that attended it, and raising her eyes impulsively, even though she expected to meet her gaoler's horrid stare, she found that she was alone.

For hours she remained thus, her brain racked and tortured by distracting thoughts, and maddened by a sense of utter helplessness. She could form no plan for even a temporary course, she had no home to go to, and was penniless, yet remain where she now was she resolutely determined she would not. To do her justice, she shrank from all thoughts of another attempt upon her life. She believed there was to be found some Christian charity among strangers, to whom she would appeal, and if she should have to toil and drudge to keep herself from starving, it would be infinitely preferable to becoming the "queen" of him whose mystical power over her she thought of now with a creeping horror.

The day waned and darkness approached, and yet no one had intruded upon her, no sound even had greeted her painfully sensitive ear, and she began to conceive hopes that she would be able to steal from the room in which she had been left, pass noiselessly down the carpeted stairs out into the street, and proceed—anywhere—what would it matter, so that it was out of the reach and beyond the influence of him of whom she could not think without a shudder.

This desire to escape, which gradually increased to an intensity, so as to reduce all fears of consequences to herself to a mere nothing, was strangely enough counterbalanced by an inability, rather than an indisposition, to rise from her chair. Eager and anxious as she was to examine window and door, she sat, and sat, motionless; her eyes alone wandering, as if her brain was the only thing which had life in her system. As she grew by degrees conscious of the opposition of these two forces, she became almost delirious, and in the end her will triumphed over the invisible influence which had chained her to her seat.

By an effort of despair, as it seemed to her, she rose up, and with light and noiseless step swiftly approached the door; with a gentle movement she turned the handle, and stealthily opened it.

Yet only to stagger back with a cry of fright, for upon the mat there stood an upright, rigid figure, looking like a spectre.

It proved, however, to be a mere domestic, yet one of that class of women who are selected to wait on dangerous lunatics in madhouses, or as warderesses in prisons in charge of refractory female criminals.

She stepped into the room, and in a cold, hard way, said—

"I have anticipated you, miss! You must be tired and hungry after your long journey. My mistress thought you would like a little refreshment of some sort before you retire for the night."

She closed the door behind her as she spoke, and stood in front of it as a sentry.

Lydia turned from her, and wrung her hands, yet almost immediately she advanced to her, and said, passionately—

"I do not require refreshment—I want nothing but the permission to depart. The people in this house are strangers to me; they have no claim to direct my actions; they have no right to exercise the slightest influence over my movements, certainly not to detain me here, or care what becomes of me after I quit this house. Stand aside, and let me pass!"

The woman listened quietly, and only smiled as unsympathetic nurses do at the ebullitions of rage from stormy children. She stood doggedly still, and if her features did betray a passing expression, it was something like the pity extorted by a childish outbreak.

Once again Lydia addressed her, with a vehement claim to be allowed to depart unrestrained, and repeated her statement that she was being detained against her will by persons who had not a shadow of right to exercise any control over her.

But the woman, as impenetrable as marble, heard her without interruption, and then said—

"Pray do not excite yourself, miss. All the agitation and violence in the world will not move my mistress to change her intentions, whatever they may be, toward you, nor will they unfasten a lock, or draw back a bolt in a door, in the house. So the very best thing you can do is to pacify your nerves, and wait patiently to see what may turn up. Miss Dysart has told me quite enough for me to know how to manage you; and I tell you this, at starting, to save trouble to me and discomfort to you. Be pleased to remember that we can none of us do just what we please, and do not forget that you will be very well treated, and no harm will come to you here."

Poor Lydia! It was but too plain to her that this attendant was like the woman whom she had been taught to believe was her mother, and who was inflexible to entreaty whenever she had resolved upon doing anything; and so she threw herself back on her seat, and gave way to a fit of sobbing, while the woman prepared for her a repast.

A week passed, she knew not how. The woman, who requested her to call her Tracy, alone presented herself, and performed for her all that could be required from an ordinary domestic; but she was the reverse of communicative, and listened in most instances without any reply, so that at length Lydia ceased to speak with her at all.

She was provided with plenty of books; but she found her mind in a too irritated state to gain any solace or relief from them. She could only conjecture, and speculate and think—think constantly of him whose eyes, whose face, whose sweet voice—she did not care to specify what especial charm—had won her first and passionate love, and then weep—so sadly, so bitterly, to think that, notwithstanding what he had said, it seemed so generously, so nobly, to her, he would be to another that which it would be her supreme happiness, if she dared to utter it, he might be to her.

At the close of this week—an age of silence and solitude, of distracted and bewildering thoughts to her—she was standing in her dressing-chamber, plunged, as usual, in a fit of abstraction, when she abruptly became conscious of some curious incentive to return to her sitting-room. She had no reason for this impulse; she seemed to feel that there was some one there awaiting her.

She had nothing to say to the attendant, Tracy, and, indeed, she did not wish to see her, for she had found it useless to attempt to move her, or to extract any information from her, and she had no desire whatever for another interview with Miss Dysart, although she had been expecting a visit from her, to be informed what further course would be adopted in reference to herself. Still the secret urging to proceed direct to the sitting-room against her inclination grew irresistible, and she moved toward it as if unseen hands were dragging her thither.

Her chamber door appeared to open before she touched it, yet she turned the lock, and impulsively threw it back. Then a blow on her heart, a twinge of sharp pain through her brain from one temple to the other, a feeling of sickness unto death, and she knew rather than saw that he who exercised such a wondrous power over her was standing in the centre of the room, having silently summoned her to his presence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCHEME OF RETRIBUTION.

Yes, Cleveland Dysart stood there awaiting her coming. He had entered her sitting-room unannounced, but he seemed to know that he had the power to compel her to appear before him by the superior force of his will over hers, there being some secret affinity between them, though its nature was inexplicable even to him. She encountered his wondrously lustrous eyes with a pervading feeling of chilliness and helplessness, but was powerless to withdraw her own from them.

He took her hand, and pressed it gently, and the thrill which raced over her frame was such as she would have experienced had she known that his touch was that of a phantom, and she found that she could not withdraw it, though she yearned to snatch it from him with a cry of terror.

He led her unresistingly to a lounge, and bade her be seated. She mechanically obeyed, and he placed himself before her, and looked into her eyes.

She would have given worlds then to know that she was blind, for, against all efforts of resistance, she upraised her lids, and found herself impelled to receive his settled, lurid gaze without being able to avert her own.

He commenced to speak to her. At first she tried not to listen, and—it seemed involuntarily—breathed a prayer that she might be smitten with deafness, for she had become conscious that this man had an occult attraction which drew her to him, and at the same time she was suddenly bereft of the power of withstanding him.

Oh, it was terrible to hear his low, sweet, melancholy, yet musical voice pouring pleading, tender and loving words into her unprotected ears, and to see mentally the handsome, open, guileless face of Mr. Athol looking at her sorrowfully and reproachfully.

It was no less disquieting, and even affrighting, to her to find that that face was gradually fading from her vision, and the power of thought was slowly stealing away from her brain. But she was strengthless to aid herself, even by an exertion of her muscles, to move away, and she sat more like an inanimate statue than what she was—a young and beautiful creature, endowed with living pulses, and a rare combination of excellent human qualifications.

By degrees she lost consciousness of everything but his gleaming eyes, and his soft, mellow voice. She listened to his words as she would have heard in an abstracted mood the liquid music of falling water in a sequestered dell, interpenetrated only by two streams of pale-blue light.

She heard and understood all he said with a dull acquiescence. She even grew interested in his observations and wondered exceedingly, while her secret dread and vague horror bit by bit vanished until his presence became to her what she had supposed Mr. Athol's alone could have ever been.

"I am plain with you, Etheline," she heard him say, as she began to comprehend his words, "because it is a duty I owe to the past, a duty the past owes to me, a duty I have the right to exact from those who have, up to the moment of my discovering you, embittered my existence beyond all power of description. Do you understand me?"

"No!" she returned, quietly.

"You wish me to be explicit?" he demanded, eagerly.

"I do," she replied, in a quiet, mechanical, and seemingly indifferent way.

He felt how mechanical her tone was.

"I shall interest you presently," he proceeded, drawing a deep breath. Then, concentrating his gaze upon her, he asked, "Have you felt the power of love?"

A flash of lightning seemed to daze her sight, and a plaintive voice to cry "Etheline!"

It was the voice of Mr. Athol.

She moaned and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Is it so?" he muttered, and laughed, harshly for him. "Retribution is sweet. How strange it should come in such a way."

As if shutting him out from her sight in some degree weakened the spell he had cast over her, there came a swift return of memory to her, and she rose suddenly to her feet as if to fly, but he caught her by the wrists and made her resume her seat.

"You must listen to me," he said, imperatively, "and listen to comprehend, and to be convinced. I have told you a little of my Indian experience, how I have sought to fling away my life in desperate encounters, in dangers of almost every kind, and how that life has been contemptuously, as it were, flung back to me; well, I have at last accepted it for another object than that which I had intended to devote it; and you are so intimately interwoven with that one object, that to part with you is, and will be, to part with my place in this world. Again, I ask you if you know what it is to love?"

She remained silent, her eyes were drawn to his, but she seemed now to see only Mr. Athol's—only Mr. Athol's clear, bright, open, intelligent face, unsullied by one evil thought or expression—different in all respects, to the sallow, sun-stained countenance before her—handsome though it was.

"To love!" he went on, in quivering tones, "without a reserve, without a qualification, without a selfish instinct, without an alloy in its purity and integrity of any kind. A love of worship, of adoration, of life-service, a surrender of all other aspirations, wishes, hopes, expectations, everything that did not aid in making the beloved, brighter, lovelier, holier, higher still even than your intensified imagination could elevate it. Answer me!"

She covered her eyes again with her hands, and trembled, and shook like an aspen.

He repeated his words in a low tone, but with a strange power compelling an answer.

She thought of Mr. Athol, and feeling that her face, her brow, her throat were of a crimson hue, she replied, wholly unable to repress the words—

"I do!"

"I am glad of this," he exclaimed, with a laugh so utterly unlike gladness that its tone was horrible. "Glad, because it is not me whom you love."

She felt as though she were suffocating. It was not he, but she involuntarily prayed to Heaven to help her, for she felt that he was able to exercise such a power of fascination over her that she would be compelled to follow him wherever he listed, to be his wife if he commanded it, in fact, to be as a slave to a magician.

"Well," he pursued, in his deliberate, thrilling tones; "you comprehend the love I have described. And you love?"

She was silent.

"Answer me frankly," he urged. "I will not ask you, at least yet, the name of him you love—only if you have surrendered your first and purest love. Tell me, is it so?"

"Yes," she responded, faintly.

"And that love was bestowed before you beheld me," he pursued, pressingly, for he saw how she recoiled from his interrogatories.

Fain as she was to remain silent, there seemed to her to be no help but to speak, and she said almost inaudibly—

"It was bestowed before I saw you—irrevocably."

He jumped to his feet, tossed his hands in the air, and uttered a shout of glee as he paced the room. Suddenly he returned to her.

"Why, this is as it should be," he cried, with a strangely vicious expression. "Mark me, I loved one of your age, form, beauty, birth and blood; her name was, as yours, Etheline; she gave me her love, as you have given yours to another; she plighted her troth to me, as you, no doubt, have done to him you love; she swore to be mine, as you have sworn to be his; she jilted me—married—broke my heart! You, girl, are her child—I will marry you—I will rob you of your love—I will toss to the winds the affection you have bestowed—I will compel you to feel what it is to be deprived of the light, the hope, the star of your life. I have the power to bend you to my will, and I will use it. I know how to break your heart, and I will break it without mercy!"

Stunned, shocked, bewildered, fully conscious of what he said and what he meant, horrified beyond expression, but unable to suggest to herself what she could even attempt, she rose up and moved across the room to leave it.

He arrested her steps.

"I have not yet ended!" he exclaimed, in tones which now grated on her ear. "I am here to announce to you that I gave my whole soul to your mother, when she was as young, as bright, even more bright and beautiful than you are, for at your age her brow had been unclouded by a care. She was a queen among women. She was the queen of my heart, my mind, my life. She has been, in spite of all that has passed, queen in my memory—ever my queen. I find her counterpart, as I knew her, in you; if this were not so, I should not have followed you, and so arrested you when about to throw yourself from the mercy of the world into the greater mercy of the dark waters of the river. I should have had no object in bringing you hither—there would have been no meaning in compelling you to become mine. I have not been permitted to die. I have been spared for the accomplishment of an object which has only since my return to England been made plain to me; that object is a pitiless, merciless, rancorous revenge. You have been placed in my hands as the instrument with which to consummate it, and I shall use the power I have over you unsparingly. I have, however, been open and sincere with you, and I have told you what you are to expect. You must, and you will be mine—my queen—ha! ha! mine alone! I ask you not even to try and love me—it will suit my object better that you should hate—loathe me, even while caressing me, and, thinking of him, abhor me while you know that you are mine only—that you never can be his whom you love—that your heart is breaking hourly, and in words, which have burnt a place in my memory, since one terrible night, you will be compelled to say, incessantly and wearisomely,

'I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say wae's me?'"

He paused for a moment, turned his back abruptly to her and pressed his hot fingers on his eyelids.

Then, with a sudden movement he faced her again, and made some rapid movements toward her with his extended hand.

"I lift my spell from you for the time being," he subjoined in cold, distinct tones, "for you must have power to think, to dwell on what I have communicated to you, to weep, to beat your breast, to tear your hair, but not to act. You are imprisoned here as securely as if incarcerated in a dungeon hewn out of the solid rock a hundred feet down in the bosom of a lake. For a time, farewell! I go to seek him who, possessing it, flung from him in abhorrent scorn the name of father—your father. He rent my happiness to shreds; I will poison his pride, his haughty arrogance, his blue-blooded nobility, through you. You recoil from me now; you shall, ere long, wish for me, yearn for me, yet fear my coming."

He turned from her with a stately gesture, and was about to quit the room, when, with a gasp like one who, having been smitten dumb, suddenly, by an intense effort, forces articulation, she cried—

"Stay! you who assert an incomprehensible power over me, a less comprehensible right to dispose of my happiness, my life—stay!"

He turned abruptly and confronted her, but he kept his eyelids depressed so that she did not receive the lurid sparks from his eyeballs.

She was for the time being disenchanted. His face to her now was one which filled her with dread rather than awe, with an emotion which was utterly repellent, not attractive.

She pressed the palms of her hands upon her temples, she passed them over her throat, she tried to moisten her dry lips and mouth with her yet more parched tongue. She felt her blood coursing violently through her veins, her courage mounting, a spirit of resistance and resolution becoming paramount.

"Give me the name of my mother!" she demanded, fiercely.

"She is dead; it matters not to you—it will not—until the fitting time."

"My father, you have said, lives. At least, you will give me his," she urged, with an energy he had not thought her capable of.

"No!" he replied, laconically and emphatically.

"You fear him," she pressed, with an acrimony which surprised him and made him wince.

He slightly raised his eyelids, and laughed a little ferociously.

"Cowardice is no attribute of mine; he knows that. Wait!"

"I will not. I demand to be released. I deny your right to detain me. Release me, or I will fling myself from a window to the street below," she cried, almost deliriously.

"I have provided for that," he answered, coldly. "You will be permitted no freedom of action here. Sit, weep, wring your hands, anticipate your marriage to me, ponder on the felicity of giving yourself to me—me, the jilted cast-off of your mother; think—think—think—aye, of him you love, and call for me to come and soothe you, so that your racking brain may not be driven into raving madness."

There followed to his words a loud clang of the door, and she was alone.

For hours she knew not what had succeeded his departure, but she awoke to find herself in darkness and still alone—awoke with an acute recollection of all that had transpired at her extraordinary interview with the mysterious being who had usurped such an insentable power over her, with a full recollection of his threat to make her "his queen," and so break her heart.

She made useless attempts to reason on this, to vow, with scalding tears and passionate vehemence, that she would refuse his proffer of marriage with hate and loathing, and that she would not remain another second beneath the detestable roof.

She tried the door—it was locked without; and she hurried to the windows, only to find them covered with a thick, close wire netting, against which it was useless for her to beat her soft and delicate hands.

She saw that she was trapped, caged, and there was left to her, even as Cleveland Dysart had told her, no other resource than to wait.

She resigned herself to this, but with a determined, inflexible resolution to incur any risk to escape the first opportunity that might offer—to watch for it as a starved animal would watch for any prey that would briefly prolong its life, and to seize it although it involved her destruction.

"My life, at least, I have more power over than he," she muttered, between her set teeth, "and I will trust it to the mercy of Heaven a thousand times sooner than he shall control it to my shame and to my misery."

Silence and darkness by degrees brought her something like composure, and though his words and menaces rankled and burned in her brain distractingly, still she had imparted hope into it to qualify its agony—the hope of escape. She had a vague notion that she should be able to contrive the means in some way, through Tracy, her attendant, although she appeared by no means to be a person whose vigilance could be easily eluded; nevertheless, she decided on making the attempt.

The woman in due time made her appearance, and brought with her a tray bearing refreshments and lights, which she set on the floor while she closed the door, and, locking it, put the key in her pocket.

Lydia affected to take no notice of this, but sat as if in an absorbed, pensive mood, and Tracy, as she placed the viands on the table, glanced at her.

"What! tears and lamentations?" she remarked, with a little jerk of the head. "I believe all the young girls are going foolish. Nothing seemingly pleases them but snivelling and sighing. If they get a sweetheart, after trying all they know to hook him, then they begin to grow watery-eyed. They cry if he don't come often enough, they have a good cry when he goes away, after having made him betray ridiculous softness and silliness. They sigh if he don't look at them, and howl if he looks at anybody else. You have been moping, I see, because you are going to be made a lady. Be like me, hard as flint—nothing moves me; be quiet and pleasant until you have got your fool tight by the marriage law, then have your fling. That's what I shall do if I can get the chance—at all events, don't make yourself miserable beforehand, that will do no good."

"I am so lonely and wretched here; if I could only have a little walk," suggested poor Lydia, with much cunning, as she thought.

Tracy laughed, and shook her head.

"And so have a little run as well, eh? No, no, that will not do. They will not let you out of your cage, my pretty bird, until you are mated."

Lydia rose up and approaching her, laid her hand upon her shoulder, and looking beseechingly in her face, said plaintively—

"It is so very hard to be confined against my will. You appear cold outwardly, but I am sure you are kind and good at heart; think if you had any one like myself nearly related to you, and she were to be kept a prisoner here as I am, would you not bless the person who kindly aided her to escape from such a bitter thraldom as this?"

"Not the least in the world," returned Tracy, elevating her eyebrows. "On the contrary, I should be preciously enraged at her interfering between her and a fortune. I wish my niece, Lollie Leslie, were in your place."

Lollie Leslie!

That name went through Lydia's frame like an electric shock.

What an effort she made to control her facial muscles, and to keep her heart still.

"Have you a niece so named?" she asked, rather faintly.

"Yes, a little fool," she returned, indifferently. "I went to visit her mother to-night, that is what made me so late in attending on you. One would hardly believe that the ninny who is at a good situation at a large house in the city—a first-rate hand at a sewing-machine—good wages—with everything to make her comfortable—is restless, wretched, and actually losing days from her work—what do you think for?"

Lydia shook her head, she could not trust herself to speak.

"Why," pursued Tracy, scornfully, "because one of her companions, having had a quarrel with the forewoman, has run away."

"It is Lollie—my Lollie!" thought Lydia, her heart leaping to her mouth, and the tears springing into her eyes.

"I have no patience with her," continued Tracy, angrily; "she should have me to deal with her—in fact, I have told her mother to bring her to me, and I will talk to her in a strain that she will not forget."

Lydia held her breath. "And will her mother bring her?" she asked, under it.

"Of course," returned Tracy, as if amazed that it should be imagined she would not, she having commanded it.

Lydia said no more then. She seated herself to her repast, and ate almost with an appetite, for she kept saying to herself—

"Lollie, Lollie will come. Lollie will set me free."

It was not until Tracy was about to take leave of her for the night that she spoke again.

Then she laid her two hands on the shoulders of Tracy, and, with a touching expression in her eyes which the woman felt to affect her more than she would have believed, said, appealingly—

"May I not in the morning go a little way with you for a walk, only a little way?"

Tracy shook her head.

"My dear child," she answered, in a kinder tone than she had yet used, "I would oblige you if I could, but I dare not."

"I am so lonely," pressed Lydia, "so very lonely in these dreary rooms—pray—if your niece comes here to-morrow—will you let her sit with me for a little while?"

Tracy looked steadfastly in her face. There was something so touching in its expression that she was not proof against it, and, lowering her tone, she bent her head toward her, and whispered—

"There can't be much harm in that, anyway. We shall see, we shall see."

She departed, and fastened the door after her. Lydia cared not for that; she sought her bed, went to sleep with a lighter heart, and dreamed—of Mr. Athol.

In the morning she was awake with the dawn, up and listening at the crevice of her room door. Tracy came with the breakfast, laid it, waited until she had finished her repast. Not a word about Lollie passed between them, and Tracy went away without naming her. Lydia felt that she dared not. How she listened at the keyhole of the locked door, upon her knees—how she peered through it as hour after hour went by—but with a sickening of the heart she heard no sound within the house beneath.

At last she caught a footstep approaching. She ran and threw herself upon the lounge, and taking up a book, appeared to be reading intently. Tracy made her appearance, and walked quickly to her. In a whisper, she said—

"I mean to keep my word, miss; my niece is here, but I must send her up alone to avoid discovery. Do not keep her long, and if she is not found out, she shall come again. There, I am not such a piece of marble as you think me."

Lydia could not have articulated a word in reply if her life had depended upon it. Tracy did not, indeed, wait for one, but hurried away, closing the door after her, and locking it on the outside.

Lydia heard the key grate in the lock, and muttered with a pang of bitterness—

"Marble still."

She, however, quickly knelt down at the door, and placed her ear at the keyhole, and listened anxiously—oh, so anxiously.

Not a sound—yes! the gentle unlocking of a door on the staircase, followed by its closing and relocking.

Then she heard a light step advancing—a tripping step—it paused at her chamber door. The key without was turned, and the door gently pushed. Lydia tore it open, and Lollie Leslie stood before her.

There was a look of intense surprise on her features as she recognized Lydia, then a shriek of joy.

"Lyddy!"

"Lollie!"

And the two were tightly embraced within each other's arms.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 36.*)

A LEFT-HANDED JOB.

"I never saw but one literal *gaucherie* (left-handedness) in my life," said Frank Delamere, as we leaned over the bulwarks and watched the quaint old houses of Panama melting into the receding background of forest; "and this was how it happened. On my first visit to New Orleans, I fell in with an Englishman of the name of Montfort. I had got lost—no very difficult matter in a town like that—and was asking my way of a negro who seemed to know rather less about it than I did myself, when, luckily for me, this fellow Montfort happened to pass by. The moment he saw that I was at a loss, he stepped forward, and very politely offered to pilot me; which he did, going considerably out of his way to do it. When we got to my hotel, of course I couldn't well do less than ask him in; we got talking, and his talk amused me somehow, so that, when he got up to go, I begged him to look me up again when he had nothing better to do. He did so, and in a little while we became pretty intimate—as intimate, at least, as any one could get to be with *him*. Not that he was what you would call reserved; he would talk freely enough about the things he had seen and done, and the strange places he had visited, and the strange people he had met; but when you came to think it all over afterward, you would begin to notice that he had not said a word about who he was, or where he came from, or what he did; and although we were so constantly together, I knew no more of him the last day than on the first.

"Another of his queer ways was doing things that nobody else did, and not doing things that everybody else did; and that, too, not at all like an affectation, but as if it came quite natural to him. He used to walk the most unheard-of distances in the heat of the day, when all the rest of the town was having a siesta; and to go to bed early in the evening, just when every one else was going out; and to get up early in the morning, just when every one else was going to bed. Then, on the other hand, he neither smoked nor drank, never played cards, and (which was even more astounding to the New Orleanseers) never made love! At New Orleans, you know, you make love to every woman you meet, as a matter of course; but this fellow (though, to do him justice, he was always perfectly polite to them) seemed hardly to know whether they were women or men!

"You mustn't suppose from all this, though, that he was unpopular. Let a fellow once get a character for that sort of thing, and it's ten to one the women like him all the better for it. Then, too, his feats in the athletic line, and the reports that were afloat of his wonderful adventures, and, above all, the kind of mystery that enveloped him, were great points in his favor. He wasn't ornamental, certainly—a square, heavy-built fellow, with a big lumpy forehead, and a long hooked nose, and a hard mouth half-covered with thick mustache and beard; but he had a strange, out-of-the-way, picturesque style of talking that was rather attractive; and with all he had seen, and all he had read, he was worth listening to. But it will save you a great infliction, if,

instead of describing him any further, I just quote you part of a conversation we had one day.

"'I suppose you'll be here some time yet?' said I.

"'Not likely,' he answered; 'I've been here six weeks already, and that's too long for any man to stay in one place, without some special object. New scenery renews individuals, just as new blood renews races; and besides, I've been far too comfortable here as it is.'

"'What the deuce do you mean?' asked I, fairly puzzled.

"'I mean,' answered he, 'that too much ease relaxes the muscles of the mind as well as those of the body; you need hard work, and danger, and adversity, to come and fling cold water on you, and rub you down with rough towels, and stir your blood into action once more. When anything goes wrong with me, it's just like a shower-bath; after the first shock, I feel ten times fresher and stronger than ever; but prolonged enjoyment, with nothing to ruffle it, is not good for any one. Just think what a burden life would be, if there were nothing to fight against!'

"'Well,' said I (I really couldn't help it), 'there's no fear but you'll have enough to fight against, if you always go slap in the teeth of established usages as you've done here.'

"'Very true,' he answered, as coolly as if I had paid him a compliment. 'I can't expect every one to think as I do, and very likely it would be a bad thing if they did. But when a thing has *got to be done*, done it must be!'

"I can't give you an idea of the way he brought out that last sentence; every word sounded like a nail knocked into a wall. I didn't say any more to him *that* time.

"Now I must tell you that at this time the belle of New Orleans was a certain Miss Georgiana De Courcy, the handsomest girl and the greatest heiress in Louisiana, and of one of the oldest families in the South. She was certainly a splendid woman—without an atom of heart or conscience, beautiful as a leopard, vain as a peacock, and greedy of admiration as—well, as a woman; one of the finest creatures altogether that I ever saw in my life! Well, as you may imagine, before she had been in town a month, all the young swells of the place were at her feet; and the most ardent of all was a young Frenchman, Henri Le Vaillant by name, a man of good family, and originally of good fortune; but he had contrived to run through much a lot of it before he came of age, that, as Paddy says in the song,

> When he came to man's estate,
> It was all the estate he had.

This being the case, it was only natural that he should think it a good idea to recoup himself by winning the favor (and fortune) of Miss De Courcy; and, to give the devil his due, he was just the man to make any girl like him if he had a mind that way. To begin with: he was a very handsome fellow—slim and graceful as any statue in Rome, and with that *beauté du diable* which you see so often among high-caste Frenchmen; then he could sing first-rate songs, and dance like any Taglioni; and, to crown all, he was the best rider, and, what was more to the purpose, the best fencer in the town. Indeed, he had pinked so many men in various quarrels, that his chums, in a kind of chaff upon his double capacity of lady-killer and duellist, nicknamed him 'Perce-coeur.' So when it was known that 'the Pierce-heart' had got his eye upon Miss De Courcy, you may think that her other worshippers began to feel rather put about.

"Now it so happened that I had brought an introduction to the girl's father, Colonel De Courcy, whom she ruled as completely as she ruled every one else, and he had invited me to a grand ball that they gave a little after my arrival. It was at this ball that I got my first sight of Le Vaillant—a slight, delicate-featured man, with a little black mustache, but supple as a greyhound and active as a tiger. Of course, he was horribly conceited, as these fellows always are; but barring that, he struck me as rather pleasant company; and I couldn't help thinking, that if he really meant business as regarded the De Courcy, he stood well to make his game.

"Well, the ball was like every other ball—plenty of heat, and crush, and chatter; lots of dancing and flirting, and ices and champagne; a few people worth talking to, and a great many better worth leaving alone. About two in the morning (having just made my escape from a dreadful woman who had never been to Paris, and would insist upon knowing all about it,) I went out upon the verandah to recover myself, and came bump against another man who was just coming in. I turned round to apologise, and saw—Montfort!

"I don't think I was ever more taken aback in all my life. Here was a fellow who neither danced, drank nor flirted—who always went to bed at ten, and didn't know a woman from a milestone—dropping up all at once in the middle of a ball! It was Saul among the prophets with a vengeance!

"'Hollo, Montfort!' said I, 'isn't this rather a violation of your principles?'

"'What would you have? One must do in Rome as the Romans do. Here it's the fashion to go to balls, and I go to them. In the Andes, where I'm going presently, it's the fashion to climb peaks and scramble along rock-ledges, and I shall climb and scramble with the rest. Good-night—I must be going.'

"This (as poor Dickens says somewhere) was 'pilin it up rayther too mountayniously.' The idea of Montfort, of all men on earth, doing a thing because other people did it, was a little *too* good. And my doubts were not dispelled by a fragment of conversation which I overheard just then from two men who were standing on the verandah a little way off.

"'Who was that fellow who was out here just now with Miss De Courcy?'

"'Don't know; but I fancy it's the same man who takes those wonderful walks—Moffat, or Montfort, or some such name.'

"'Well, he seemed to be making the most of his time anyhow.' And the two passed on.

"As for me, I went home very much out of temper with myself. I had been wont to brag that nobody could throw dust in my eyes; and yet this fellow Montfort had done it as thoroughly as one man ever did to another. To judge by present appearances, his former show of asceticism must have been all humbug; and upon my word, I was rather sorry for it. To me this man was a kind of rare specimen. In this easy-going age, bristling with every conceivable invention for making men indolent and luxurious, it was something to find even *one* living creature who seemed to defy, without an effort, every temptation that can assail humanity; and now it appeared all at once that he wasn't the man I took him for. The only thing to be done was to find out at once how the case really stood; so, directly after breakfast, I posted off to Montfort's quarters, and found him sitting near the window (as fresh as if he'd been in bed all night) writing a letter with his left hand.

"'Hollo!' said I, 'is your right arm paralyzed with handing lemonade?'

"'No; but it's as well to keep in practice, in case I should hurt the other hand. That's one thing my travels have taught me—to be as handy with my left as with my right.'

"'Why, do you mean to say that you can throw, and carve, and write, and handle a cue or a single-stick, as well with one hand as with the other?'

"'Pretty nearly, so far as I've tried yet: one of these days I'll give you a specimen.'

"(So he did—in a way I little dreamed of.)

"'Well, look here,' said I, coming to the point, 'aren't you a pretty fellow to be bragging of never making love, and all that sort of thing—and then to go walking on a verandah at two in the morning with the prettiest girl in the town?'

"As I spoke, I looked keenly in his face for some sign of confusion. I might as well have looked at the Great Sphynx.

"'Oh, you think I'm in love with Miss De Courcy?' said he, with a quiet laugh. 'Well, you're not the only one who does me the honor to hold that opinion; but you rate my good taste too high. The young lady is an extremely interesting *study;* but as for my admiring her, happily even public opinion cannot turn *that* flotion into a fact!'

"'Do you mean to tell me, then,' cried I, 'that you *can't* fall in love, even if you tried?'

"'I mean to tell you,' he answered, drawing himself up, and looking really grand for the moment, 'that I should not count life worth having, if I were overcome, even for one moment, by any influence that I could not shake off, which is what *I* understand by love. The greatest pleasure of life, take my word for it, is the free use of one's own will.'

"'I suppose, then,' said I, half-joking, 'that if you *did* fall in love, and she played fast and loose with you, you'd kill yourself?'

"'Not *myself*,' he answered very quietly; and then he put away his writing, and asked me to come out for a stroll. And so the subject dropped. But I now began to suspect (not for the first time) that my friend Montfort wasn't quite right in the head; and when you hear the rest of the story, I think you'll agree with me.

"Well, for about a month after that, everything went on as usual. The season was well in by this time, and I had my hands full—balls, masquerades, musical soirées, private theatricals, and what not. Once or twice I lighted upon Montfort in the very thick of it; but for the most part he seemed rather to fight shy of going about, in spite of his theory about 'doing as the Romans did.' However, he occupied a good deal of *my* attention just then; for, to tell the truth, I was rather riled at the way he had thrown dust in my eyes: and I determined to find out, by hook or by crook, whether he were really spoony on the De Courcy or not. But I might as well have saved myself the trouble, for, look as sharp as I might, I was just as wise at the end of the month as at the beginning. *One* thing I found out, though—that Montfort and Le Vaillant liked each other about as well as a badger and a terrier, and that the least thing would kindle a row between them. Le Vaillant had managed, by dint of his duelling renown, to exact a kind of deference from everybody he knew; whereas Montfort made no more of him than if he had been a crossing-sweeper, and, indeed, had rather shut him up once or twice, when he began to brag a little *too* extensively. Now, I needn't tell you that you may do anything to a Frenchman rather than make him look small before a whole roomful of people, especially when half of them are ladies. Then, again, Le Vaillant's blustering ways riled Montfort; and so, bit by bit, they came to hate each other like poison.

"Now, I should tell you that while all this was going on, I had become rather thick with Colonel De Courcy, Georgiana's father; not that I had any idea of *her*, but at that time I was rather mad on sporting, and the old colonel seemed to have hunted and shot every beast that came out of the ark. So, pretty nearly every other day, I used to stroll up there, and find the old boy sitting in his garden over a weed and a mint-julep; and we would have a long palaver about the big game, and the best spots for finding them. Well, one afternoon, about five weeks after that ball I was speaking of, I turned up in the colonel's garden, but didn't find him in his usual place; and I was just thinking of going up to the house to look for him, when, all at once, just on the other side of the high shrubbery behind which I was standing, I heard voices; and they were the voices of Miss De Courcy and—Montfort!

"Of course, you'll say I was a confounded snob for listening, and I don't deny it; but, at the same time, I could no more help it than I could help breathing. Through the leaves, I could see them standing in the sidewalk; and though they spoke low, I heard every word.

"'Mr. Montfort,' says she, 'I have a great favor to ask of you; and although people call you ungallant, I cannot believe that you will be so unkind as to refuse me. Will you do what I ask?'

"(Talk of witchcraft! you should have heard her voice, and seen the look she gave! It was enough to drive a man stark mad; and I know it made *me* tingle all over, as if I'd fallen into a bed of nettles.)

"'I await your commands,' says Montfort, as coolly as if he'd been reading Euclid. (I couldn't have done it in his place, I know that!)

"'Well,' says she, 'I find that Mr. Le Vaillant—that young Frenchman whom you met here the other day—has been showing to all his friends a likeness of myself, which I was foolish enough to give him, and has the insolence to boast of it, as if—as if I had—in short, as if more importance might be attached to it than it really deserves.' (The way she did that little bit of bashfulness would have made her fortune on the stage.) 'You are the only man whom I can trust to check his impertinence, for all the rest seem afraid of him. May I count upon you to defend my reputation?'

"She took both his hands in hers (I suppose to add emphasis to her petition,) and cast her eyes on the ground. It was well that she did; for there came over Montfort's face such a look of killing contempt as made me fairly shake. He drew himself up, as if he could have trampled her under his feet; and for that moment he looked really splendid—just as I had seen him look when I chaffed him about being in love with her, the morning after the ball.

"'I am at your service,' says he, bowing; and with that away he went, without another word. As for me, I stood like a fool for good five minutes, before I could recollect myself, the whole thing took me so aback. This was worse than I had ever dreamed of. All that I had ever bargained for was a little flare-up between Montfort and the Frenchman, which would blow over and leave all clear again; but here was a far more serious business. Whether the De Courcy had got tired of having Le Vaillant always hanging after her, and wanted to get rid of him, or whether it was her confounded vanity that was tickled at the idea of setting men fighting about her, I can't tell; but I've always thought (though it seems a horrible thing to say of any woman) that she was riled at Montfort for not bowing down to her as every one else did, and that she meant to punish him by getting him knocked on the head. Look at it which way I would, it was a very bad business. And yet—how was I to stop it? I and the other two men were invited that very day to dine with a Virginian (Fortescue, I think his name was), and then to go to a ball that Colonel De Courcy was giving the same evening; so that even if they missed each other at one place, they were sure to meet at the other. Altogether, it seemed as if the powers of mischief had contrived it; and I went home feeling bad all over.

"Well, to Fortescue's I went, and didn't manage to get near Montfort till dinner was done; but when we turned out to have our smoke in the garden (a famous big place, with a fountain in the middle, and dark shrubberies all round hung with colored lamps, just like a scene in a theatre), I got hold of him and drew him into conversation, meaning at least to stick by him all the evening, in case of anything happening. But just then, as ill-luck would have it, who should come swaggering past but that beast Le Vaillant, with his chorus of worshippers about him, and, of course, he must bring out Miss De Courcy's likeness, and begin bragging about it before them all.

"'Thus it is that we Frenchmen win the day,' said he, in his boastful way; 'everything is possible to those who dare! It is only those who hang back that get nothing, like those English cowards in the Crimea.'

"I jumped up like a shot at that, you may be sure; but Montfort (I told you he was an Englishman) was before me. With one stride he was through the circle, and confronted the Frenchman, looking him full in the eyes.

"'Did I understand Monsieur to say,' asked he, bowing, 'that the English are cowards?'

"'I did,' answered the other, looking up at him insolently.

"'You lie, then!' says Montfort, and gave him a slap in the face with his open hand, that echoed all over the garden like a pistol-shot.

"*Then* there was a row, if you like! Everybody ran forward at once, shouting and screaming. In an instant the two had their coats off, and were standing face to face, each with a small-sword in his hand, on the bit of smooth turf beside the fountain. It was evident, as soon as they began, that Le Vaillant was the better swordsman of the two; and in a few minutes (just as I had feared), Montfort got a thrust through the arm, below the elbow, that made him drop his weapon. Of course all Le Vaillant's chums shouted for joy; but how they stared when Montfort coolly twisted his handkerchief round his right arm, drew the knot with his teeth, took up the sword in his *left* hand, and said quietly: 'En garde, Monsieur.'

"It was then, for the first time, that the Frenchman began to look disturbed; and certainly there was something awful in this dogged, bloodthirsty persistency, which no pain or danger could shake. Two or three of Le Vaillant's party tried to protest, but the others overruled them, and the fight began again. The two faces were a sight; Le Vaillant looked like a wolf in a trap—full of a kind of frightened fury; Montfort's face was quiet, and cold as marble, but with a look of grim *satisfaction* on it, as if he were sure of his man at last. And so, indeed, he was. In those days, the French schools didn't generally teach their men how to meet a left-handed attack; and Le Vaillant, who had never seen anything of the sort before, was fairly puzzled. His breath began to fail, his hand shook; and at last, as he overreached himself in making a thrust, Montfort sprang in, and went clean through him, from breast to back. Then, picking up the miniature, he flung his coat loose over his shoulders, and flew out of the garden like a wild-cat. I followed him as hard as I could pelt (you know I couldn't tell what he might do in the mad fit that seemed to be on him), and I tell you that in all my life I never had such a run. He never slackened once till he got to Colonel De Courcy's, where the ball was just at its height; and there, he bolted through the gate, burst into the ball-room, right through the midst of the dancers, and, rushing up to where Miss De Courcy was standing, flung the miniature at her feet.

"Talk of theatres!—that scene beat 'em all. Everybody seemed turned to stone; and several ladies fainted outright, without any one minding them. And well they might. Montfort was white as a corpse, in spite of his hard run; his clothes were all splashed with blood; his right arm hung down at his side; and his face glared as if he were mad.

"'Are you satisfied?' he asked, in a voice as if some one were choking him. 'You commanded, and I have obeyed you. Take your likeness' (he crushed it with his heel as he spoke), 'and so perish every memorial of the woman who dared to weigh her caprice against the life of a brave man!'

"He looked round upon the company—who were all standing like statues—as if he could strike them dead on the spot, and then vanished into the darkness, like an evil spirit.

"I never saw or heard of him after that night; but he had his revenge, if *that* did him any good. The De Courcy never got over the fright he gave her; she fell into a decline, and died eighteen months later; and her father wasn't long in following her."

Music and Millinery.

A new fashion has arisen in the world of musical art, which deserves, perhaps, a little attention. The *modistes* are insisting upon their claims to recognition in the concert-room and on the opera stage. Singers are announced to perform in dresses made at certain establishments, and, in point of fact, the artists are, on specific occasions, converted into puffs for milliners. We do not know whether we are indebted to Paris or to New York for this practice, but the sooner it is discouraged in every way the better. Surely so attractive and accomplished a singer as Madame Christine Nilsson cannot require the sort of popularity which may be achieved by publishing in detail such items of her preparations for going through *La Traviata* as the following: "In the first act pink satin, trimmed with embroidered tulle, over which is worn a tunic or overskirt of white China crepe, with a most richly-embroidered border of choice pink roses, low body and short sleeves. In the second act an elegant dress of grey ponit de soie, the skirt trimmed en tablier," &c. The next thing we may expect after this will be, of course, the right of the milliner, or of Mr. Worth, to a call before the audience, or the insertion of the names of the dressmakers in the bills.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The storm-scenter—Old Probabilities.

☞ "Much remains unsung," as the cat remarked to the brickbat when it suddenly cut short its serenade.

☞ Happy couples proclaim their approaching nuptials thus: "With the loving consent of their parents, W. H. and S. T. herewith announce their betrothal."

☞ A mission-church in Manchester, England, advertises "The smallest preacher in the world."

☞ A man out West, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of "eternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor dear man! How I wish he hadn't died!" and the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

☞ Pure imagination lately killed Mr. W——, of Council Bluffs. He imagined he could shoot first, but Mr. S—— got in ahead, and laid him out.

☞ Some men go about the world with their hands in their pockets. That is better, though, than if they went about with their hands in other people's pockets.

☞ A will is registered in Waynesburg, Pa., which contains the following remarkable clause: "I also give to my beloved wife one red cow, one three-year-old colt, and the remainder of the kitchen and household furniture."

☞ An Indiana man has invented a "spark-arrester." It is to be presumed he has a family of daughters.

☞ The identical opera-glass which Captain John Smith had in his pocket when Powhatan was going to mash him, has been sent to the office of the Detroit Free Press for exhibition.

☞ A young girl in New York, fifteen years of age, committed suicide by taking poison, assigning no better reason for her act than that she was tired of life.

☞ It is suggested that Poe's bird must have had the delirium tremens, as he was raven on a bust.

☞ Teacher—John, you young scapegrace, come here and I'll pay you back for your impudence to me yesterday. Pupil—I have conscientious scruples against taking back pay of that sort.

☞ A convention of clergymen in Illinois has decided to discourage the idea of giving donation visits to ministers. The original idea was to make these visits profitable to the clergymen, but since people have come to believe that a donation of a dozen nutmeg-graters, a hack-saw and five yards of calico should subsist a minister's family through the winter, it is well enough to decline further visits and save the carpets.

☞ The exportation of Arab horses from the provinces of Bagdad and Syria has been prohibited for the next seven years, with a view to preserving the breed, which has been seriously diminishing in those parts of the empire.

☞ A Nashville young man says he intends to marry a rich young lady, and that he will then provide the dear creature with all the luxuries of the season—so long as her money lasts.

☞ A Dubuque woman found a long-lost brother recently, by reading the certificates of remarkable cures in a patent medicine almanac.

☞ A Waterbury man has christened his daughter Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix nitro if her temper resembles her mother's.

☞ A Vermont pedagogue makes unruly boys turn a grindstone one thousand times.

☞ Two Fishkill girls defended themselves from a mad dog with an open umbrella, reaching a place of safety before he had demolished it.

☞ An Iowa clergyman who had a donation party lately, has beans enough to last him thirty-seven years.

☞ A French gentleman, learning English to some purpose, replied thus to the salutations:

"How do you do, monsieur?"
"Do vat?"
"How do you find yourself?"
"I never loses myself."
"How do you feel?"
"Smooth; you just feel me."
"Good-morning, monsieur."
"Good! No, it's a bad one; it's vet and nasty."

☞ There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest tree still the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow comes.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, Freckles and Tan, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

It is reliable and harmless.

Depot, 49 Bond St., NEW YORK.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. ap19 13t

PIMPLES ON THE FACE, BLACKHEADS AND FLESHWORMS, Use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. ap19-13t

IMPERISHABLE FRAGRANCE.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S CELEBRATED

Florida Water,

The richest, most lasting, yet most delicate of all perfumes, for use on the

HANDKERCHIEF, At the TOILET, And in the BATH.

As there are imitations and counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water which has on the bottle, on the label, and on the pamphlet, the names of MURRAY & LANMAN, without which none is genuine.

For sale by all Perfumers, Druggists and dealers in Fancy Goods. je14-26t

12 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS sent free for 50 cents by Union Co., Syracuse, N. Y. ap5-13t

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute.

Superb brick buildings accommodating 300 boarders, with Chapel, Class-Rooms, Music-Rooms and Studio, all under the same roof. Fifteen Professors and Teachers.

THE TWENTIETH ACADEMIC YEAR BEGINS AUGUST 28, 1873.

Less than $265 pays a year's board, furnished room, fuel and washing with common English branches.

Students are received at any time and charged proportionately.

A choice of 5 courses of study, with diplomas to graduates. The oldest instructor at very moderate rates, is instructed in Languages, Sciences, Business, Music, Painting or Telegraphy.

☞ $50, free tuition. Hereafter any student who has passed the Regents' examination in any Academy in the State, or who shall successfully pass it here, will be permitted to take any higher studies to the extent of $10 per term for two consecutive terms, free.

During its history, Fort Edward Institute has graduated in its commercial course 230, has prepared for college 225 young men, and has graduated in its full course for young ladies. Its reminiscences are the hundreds of choice young men and women whom it has sent forth to act a worthy part in the learned professions and in all the walks of life. The Institute is earnestly Christian, but impartially non-sectarian. It offers to its patrons the accumulated advantages of 19 years of unparalleled success, under a single administration, and invites a thorough investigation of its claims. For catalogues or further information, address

JOSEPH E. KING, D.D. Ph. D. Principal, FORT EDWARD, N. Y. je14-4t

HOW TO GET NEW MUSIC.

A copy given to the purchaser of each box of HARRISON'S PARIAN WHITE, *the most perfect face powder made.* It gives velvet softness to the skin.

So fine and natural in effect,
It's use is difficult to detect.

Ask your druggist for it. 13

FASHIONABLE, COMFORTABLE AND ECONOMICAL. Use E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S Cut Paper Patterns for ladies', misses' and children's wearing apparel. All the latest styles and perfect fitting. Send for a catalogue. Address G. A. HAMLIN, 1113 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa. je14-4t

Secret of Beauty.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the complexion. It will remove Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, leaving it beautifully white, soft, smooth and clear.

Over One Million Ladies

have used it, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Dr. Louis A. Sayre, after carefully examining the analysis made by the Chemist of the Board of Health of New York City, pronounced the "Bloom of Youth" a harmless preparation, entirely free from any ingredient injurious to the Health or Skin.

Beware of Counterfeits.

See that the United States Revenue Stamp is printed on the front label and the name of G. W. Laird is stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle—no other is genuine. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers. my24-13t

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

Three Warnings.—A Sick Stomach—an Aching Head—and considerable general debility, are three warnings which it is madness to disregard. Dangerous diseases may be expected to follow them if not arrested without delay. Tone the relaxed stomach, calm the excited brain, invigorate the nervous system, and regulate the bowels, with

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

If you wish to escape the evils which the premonitory symptoms indicate. How many consuming fevers, violent bilious attacks, nervous paroxysms, and other terrible ailments might be prevented if this agreeable and incomparable SALINE TONIC and ALTERNATIVE were always taken in time! Sold by all druggists. je14-3t

AN "ELEGANT CHROMO" and "ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," only 15 cents post paid. Address B. FOX & CO., No. 369 Canal street, New York City. sep14-1y

BOYS

HOW TO BEHAVE AND SHINE IN SOCIETY; The Laws of Courtship and Marriage; The Complete Fortune-Teller, and Dream-Book; How to Write Letters Correctly; Invisible Photographs; Art of Secret Correspondence. All good. Mailed for 15 cents, each, or the lot for 75 cents. Address R. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. my3-13t

$25 A WEEK GUARANTEED. Reliable agents, of either sex, wanted to canvass for the OLD OAKEN BUCKET, a Literary and Temperance Magazine of 64 pages, handsomely printed, finely illustrated and ably edited. Many of our agents are making $10 per day, and $25 per week can be made the year round by any person willing to work. Sample copy and Instructions mailed FREE. Apply at once for an agency. Address IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MANUFACTURERS, WORKERS AND DEALERS, in all branches of the Metal Trades, should keep thoroughly posted by taking that Invaluable journal entitled the IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER. Its Metal Price Current is thoroughly reliable. It is edited with great ability. Its correspondence embraces the contributions of State Geologists, Metallurgists, and of eminent Scientific Men. Its manufacturing news is obtained by a special corps of salaried correspondents traveling in all sections of the country. It contains the choicest selections from the scientific and mechanical journals of this country and Europe. Its circulation is increasing rapidly, not only throughout the States but in the Provinces, England, Germany, etc. It is the BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM in the United States to reach the Hardware, Mannfac and Metal Trades. This valuable weekly journal will be sent

FOUR MONTHS ON TRIAL FOR ONE DOLLAR! Try it! Address IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO., my17-ow3t Pittsburgh, Pa.

WORKING CLASS—MALE OR FEMALE—$60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instruction and valuable package of goods sent by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich St., N. Y. mh29-26t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Addr. as J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. je7-4t

VANISHING INK, MEXICAN PERFUME, and 50 New Secrets for 25 cents. W. HIND, Box 1238, Pittsburgh, Pa. je7-2t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at any thing else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

REMEDY FREE.—We send free a simple and sure means of self cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Sore Throat, and any disease of the Throat or Lungs, Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Weakness, and all disorders brought on by youthful imprudence. TUTTLE & CO., sep14-1y 78 Nassau St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE. Sample sent to any address on receipt of $2.75. For terms and circulars to agents, address PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO., my31-4t Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

UNDEVELOPED WEST

OR,

FIVE YEARS IN THE TERRITORIES.

BY J. H. BEADLE,

WESTERN CORRESPONDENT OF THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL.

The only complete history of that vast region between the Mississippi and Pacific: Its Resources, Climate, Inhabitants, Natural Curiosities, etc., with life and adventure on Prairies, Mountains and the Pacific Coast. Mr. Beadle has spent five years travelling in the new States and Territories, and knows more about their resources, etc., than any other writer. The book is illustrated with over 250 fine engravings of the Scenery, Cities, Lands, Mines, People and Curiosities of the Great West, and is the best and fastest-selling book ever published. Send for specimen pages and circulars, with terms. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. my24-4t.

AGENTS—For the Best Prize Stationery Packets in the world. Address Union Co., Syracuse, N.Y. ap5-13t

$3000 A YEAR $3000

SELLING SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

PAYING AGENTS ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT.

OVER 100,000 ALREADY SOLD.

Ladies and gentlemen out of employment should address PITTSBURG SUPPLY CO., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. dec14-26t

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair

TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often restores it to growth, and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brushy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and established; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hair resumes their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the VIGOR is prized for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO. Lowell, Mass., *Practical and Analytical Chemists.*

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

PERFECT GEMS. The new, elegant and unique MICROSCOPIC CHARMS.—These "little beauties" are finely got up in ivory, to be worn on watch guards, or as ornaments and keepsakes, and each contains a picture or portrait, which upon looking through the charm is magnified 1000 times. We have just received an immense assortment, which we mail in sealed letters, prepaid, to any address, for only 25 cents each, 5 for $1, or $2 a dozen. Try one and secure something that will be a keepsake for life. Order only from R. FOX & CO. No. 369 Canal street, New York City. de21-26t

CHEAP!—25 BRISTOL-BOARD CARDS, with your name neatly printed on them, and gilded with gold, for only 25 cents. Sent post-paid. Address J. C. SHELDON, Box 38, QUAKER Street, Schenectady County, N. Y. ap26-13t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address R. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. de28-26t

"MAGIC DRAWING SHEETS."—Agents wanted. Address BARBER BROTHERS, Port Byron, Rock Island Co., Ill. mar3-13t

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep

GUARANTEED BY USING MY

Instant Relief for the Asthma.

It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST, mar1-52t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

PILES.

SURE CURE OR NO PAY.

We will send one JAR of our

Japanese Green Tea Pile Remedy

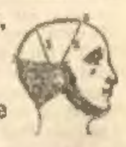
to all sufferers from

Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles

on receipt of $1.00. And will in every case of failure to cure, refund the money.

Address WILLIAMS & CO., 116 Smithfield St., my 10-26t Pittsburgh, Pa.

R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, Premier Artiste IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-ow1y

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—One of the greatest delights of boarding in the country for the summer, is the pleasure a man derives from his efforts to catch the early morning train by which he must reach the city and his business. When he gets out of bed he looks at his watch, and finds he has plenty of time, so he dresses leisurely, and sits down to breakfast in a calm and serene frame of mind. Just as he cracks his first egg, he hears the up-train. He starts, jerks out his watch, compares it with the clock, and finds that it is eleven minutes slow, and that he has only four minutes left in which to get to the dépôt. In a fearful hurry he tries to scoop the egg out of the shell, but it burns his fingers, the skin is tough, and after fooling with it for a moment, it mashes into a hopeless mess, and he gets his fingers smeared; he drops the whole concern in disgust, grabs a hot roll, and scalds his tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee; then he stuffs the roll in his mouth, while his wife hands him his satchel, and tells him she thinks she hears the whistle. He plunges madly around the room, looking for his umbrella; then he kisses his wife as well as he can with all that unswallowed bread distending his cheeks, says good-bye to the children in a lump and makes a dash for the door. Just as he gets to the gate he finds that he has forgotten his duster, and he charges back after it, snatches it up, and tears down the gravel walk in a frenzy. He doesn't like to run through the village, because that would be undignified, but he walks furiously. He goes faster and faster. Half-way down he *does* hear the whistle, for certain. He wants to run, but he knows that he will start up that yellow dog there by the sidewalk if he does. Then he actually sees the train coming in at the dépôt, and he feels that he *must* make a rush. He does. The yellow dog becomes excited, and tears after him. Six other dogs join in the chase, one after the other, and bark furiously, and frolic around his legs. Small boys contribute to the excitement, as he goes past, by whistling on their fingers, and the men at work on the new meeting-house knock off to look at him and laugh. He feels ridiculous, but he must catch that train. He gets desperate when he has to slacken up until two or three women, who are on the sidewalk discussing the servant-girl question and the price of butter, scatter to let him pass. He arrives within one hundred yards of the dépôt with duster flying in the wind, coat-tails horizontal and the yellow dog nipping his heels, just as the train begins to move. He puts on extra pressure, and resolves to make that train or to perish. He reaches it as the last car is going past. He seizes the hand-rail, is violently jerked around once or twice, but finally lands on the step on his knees, and is hauled in by his coat-collar by the brakeman, hot, mad, dusty, with his trousers torn across the knees, his shins bruised, and three ribs in his umbrella broken. Just as he gets comfortably into the car, the train stops, backs up on the siding, and lays there for half an hour while the engineer fixes a broken valve. Then he is madder than ever, and determines that he will move in town to-morrow, and swears, while he looks out of the window and watches the dogs that followed him engaged in a contest over a bone which the yellow dog found on the platform of the station; and he registers a silent vow to devote his first holiday to hunting up that dog, and braining him with a club.

—We are deeply pained to learn from a Frankford paper of an accident to a little boy in that place on Saturday last. It appears that he went into the pantry to help himself to some cakes which his mother had purposely put out of his way. They were upon the top shelf, and he had to climb up on the lower shelf to get them. But just as he had reached the cakes, the shelf gave way, he was precipitated to the floor, and his leg was broken. What a solemn and impressive warning does this melancholy accident convey to the young! It is to be hoped that the boys who read this story and see how this wicked child was punished for trying to commit a grievous sin, will learn a deep lesson from his fate. Let them study well the dreadful consequences of this one crime, let them remember that this boy lies now upon a bed of suffering from which he will probably rise a cripple for life, and let them firmly resolve that the moral of his terrible fate will not be lost upon them, but that when they feel as if they would like to steal cakes from the top shelf of the pantry they will go and get the step-ladder, and walk up and rake in all they want, and riot among the preserves, and revel in the jam, and charge round among the stewed gooseberries without running any risk. There is always something to be learned from the errors of others if we will take the trouble to hunt it out.

—It is a somewhat singular fact that nearly every summer resort in the country has in the neighborhood a spot entitled "The Lover's Leap." There is one on the Wissahickon, one at a place above Reading, one at Lake George, one at the Isle of Shoals, one at the Delaware Water Gap, a dozen or two at various other places in the state, and about a million more in the country at large. The locality always is a high rock, and the legend always is that two desperate lovers walked out on that rock, took a sociable kiss and jumped off. Now we doubt the truth of these stories, because we have never known a single pair of lovers that ever had a desire to roll over a precipice. All the lovers we have observed seemed rather to be partial to sitting upon the sofa in the back parlor with the gas turned down very low, while they fumbled with each other's waist and made a noise with their mouths like tearing a piece of unbleached muslin. Lovers who have quarrelled are sometimes in that frantic condition which would seem likely to impel them to slide off of a rock; but those we have known never did it. They nearly all acted as Brown did. When Brown was crossed in love, he wore the same shirt for four weeks, and went about with his cravat untied and his hair unparted behind, and he ate so little that his mother saved enough out of the market money that month to buy new stair-rods and lay in her winter potatoes. But Brown recovered. No precipices for *him*. You will never know what real hunger is until you see him at his meals now. When he quits the breakfast table it looks as if it had been swept by a simoom, and he now borrows money of the brother of the young woman who jilted him with as easy a grace as if his life had never been a burden, and parting his hair behind too trivial an occupation for a blighted and broken-hearted being.

—"A Sufferer" wants to know how to prevent nightmare. Eat less. One supper of toasted cheese, fried oysters, pickled salmon and lobsters has been sufficient to make us dream that six cross-eyed blacksmiths were engaged in fitting us with a red-hot boiler-iron stomach, fastened by poisoned rivets, or that we were falling into a hole a thousand miles deep, with a cream-colored idiot on our back, prodding us with a hay-fork to make us go faster.

—One of the most alarming cases of somnambulism with which we are familiar is that of the prize-package boy who operates on the Norristown Railroad in this city. By some extraordinary combination of circumstances, this child of wrath was induced to go to church a few Sundays ago, and while listening to the sermon he fell asleep in the back pew where he sat. There had been a Sunday-school meeting there before church, and all the Bibles and missionary newspapers were piled up in that particular pew. Suddenly this remorseless young orphan picked up a bundle of the papers in his sleep and began to walk up the aisle, throwing one into each pew as he went along. When he got under the lee of the pulpit, he stopped and waited for two or three minutes. The minister looked cross-eyed at him and glared through his spectacles, but the young brigand was unconscious. Then he glided down the aisle and amazed the congregation by removing the paper from each pew. When he reached the rear he seized an armful of Bibles and rambled up the aisle again, tossing them at the occupants of the pews. Resting again under the pulpit, and wholly indifferent to the circumstance that the clergyman's eyes again were out of their naturally straight position, and were making his spectacles look like a double-barreled locomotive headlight, the infant brigand pranced down the aisle the second time, yelling "Here's yer prize-packages, only ten cents; each one contains a prize worth from ten cents to ten dollars!" and grabbing for the Bibles as he proceeded. The minister waved his hand at one of the deacons; the deacon and the sexton charged on that boy, and the organist tells us that the three scudded down that thoroughfare at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, while the sexton shook the boy up and the deacon boxed his ears and wished it was not wicked to swear. Then they took him up into the steeple and killed him. We are not certain that they killed him, but we think they did of course, for that is the only way in which he could ever be kept quiet. We would have butchered him long ago if we could only have gotten him alone in a steeple somewhere.

—Chew, of Darby, had no faith in the weather-man at Washington, and having seen in an old magazine that leeches, kept in a jar of water, will always foretel a coming storm by rising to the surface and wriggling violently, Chew purchased a dozen and put them in a preserve jar. He did not mention the fact to Mrs. Chew, and she, seeing a lot of worms in the bottle, emptied it into the bath-tub while she washed the jar and put it away. That evening Chew took a bath. While reposing in the tub he thought he felt something bite his left leg. Then there was a sharp pain in his right; then his elbow began to sting, and presently he jumped from the tub in alarm, while those twelve leeches kept boring for a better hold, and continued to relieve Chew of blood with an animation and earnestness which impressed him with the idea that famine had been their portion for several years. When the leeches came off Chew spoke to his wife kindly but firmly, and intimated that the next time she interfered with any of his barometrical arrangements he would lift all the hair out of her head if he had to employ a steam-dredge to do it for him.

—It was a great many years ago, at a camp-meeting, that Brother Higgins, a good man but passionately fond of dogs, came in one day accompanied by a black-and-tan hound. Somebody asked him to address the congregation, and he mounted the stand for the purpose, while his dog sat down upon his haunches immediately in front, looking at his master. In the midst of the discourse, which entertained us much, another dog came up, and after a few sociable sniffs at Brother Higgins's dog, began to examine the hind leg of the latter with his teeth, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining if it was tender. An animated contest ensued, and one of the congregation came forward for the purpose of separating the animals. His efforts were not wholly successful. He would snatch at the leg of Higgins's dog, but before his hand got there the yellow dog would be on that side, and would probably take an incidental and cursory bite at the deacon's hand. Brother Higgins paused in his discourse, and watched the deacon. Then he exclaimed, "Spit in his eye, Brother Thompson, spit in the hound's eye!" Brother Thompson did, and the fight ended. "But I just want to say," continued Mr. Higgins, "that outside of the sanctuary that dog of mine can eat up any salmon-colored animal in the state, and then chaw up the bones of its ancestors for four generations without turning a hair! You understand me?"

Then the services proceeded.

—Perhaps the subject is not of general interest, but a feeling of benevolence prompts us to warn the public against the Patent Combination Step-ladder which has recently been introduced to the market. We purchased one because the man showed us that by a simple movement of a set of springs the ladder could be instantly turned into an arm-chair, and from that into an ironing table, and then back again into a step-ladder, just as we desired. When our hired-girl went to wash the windows, upon getting the ladder home, she stood upon the top step, and she hardly had her foot down before the concern shifted suddenly into an ironing-table and broke her leg. Then we concluded to use it as a table, and on Tuesday half-a-dozen shirts were laid upon it to be ironed. At the very first touch of the flat-iron the machine gave a jerk, ground up two shirts to rags, knocked the flat-iron over into the next yard where it nearly brained Chubb's wife, and after a few convulsions of the apparatus there stood a step-ladder. Then we determined to use it exclusively as a chair, and it worked well enough for awhile. But one day the nurse placed the baby in it for a moment, while she went for something, and just afterward the springs had another paroxysm, there was a tremulous movement in the legs, a violent agitation of the back, then a tremendous jump and the baby was pitched up on to the chandelier, the machine turned three or four somersaults, jammed itself halfway through the window sash, and presented the appearance of an ironing-table. It has attained such a degree of sensitiveness now that it goes through the drill if anybody comes near it, or coughs or blows his nose close at hand. We have it stuffed away in the garret, and sometimes in the middle of the night a rat will jar it, or a roach will run against it, and we can hear it rattling around the room, getting into service as a ladder, a chair and a table, fifteen or twenty times in quick succession. It is probable that we would close that step-ladder out at less than cost. It has too much animation—too much frivolity for a quiet family like ours.

☞ Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society. It is disgusting to the refined and abominable to the good.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Boy (to lady visitor).—"Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me!"
Teacher.—"Well, then, don't look at her!"
Boy.—"But if I don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else!"

What Will He Do With Her?

BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS.

"Then, Walter, it is really true you have a ward. Well, and who is she?"

So speaking, Mrs. Grascole settled herself comfortably on the lounge and looked inquiringly at her cousin, Dr. Holmes.

"Yes, quite true. As for your other question—she is Hildegarde Spiegelle, only child of Karl. But I am at a loss to account for your surprise, Maud," he ended, impatiently.

"I'm surprised at that. It is only natural to wonder how you will dispose of her! Hildegarde! What a name! Wait, I remember now—wasn't her father what you gentlemen term a blackleg?"

"No;" speaking in a sharp, quick tone, the doctor faced his cousin in evident anger. "No, you might better apply the name to your lamented husband, to whose good services poor Karl owed,—but let that pass; only in future remember, Maud, Karl Spiegelle was my friend."

"And my father," added a clear voice.

Both turned toward the door, Mrs. Grascole with a shrug of her plump shoulders, and the doctor with a calm "Good-evening, Hilda;" adding the usual form of introduction.

Maud Grascole, bowed as only Maud Grascole could—but the girl in the doorway hardly bent her head. For a minute they looked at each other steadily—Maud, with something of contempt coming into her face as she saw the girl who had caused her no little uneasiness; and Hilda, with an instinctive fear creeping over her as she looked at the widow's lovely face, perfect in form and coloring, framed by pale, yellow hair, and lit by eyes of the intensest black, and an impression in them that made one think of the *Lorelei*.

Mrs. Grascole, with another slight shrug, turned to her cousin, and inquired if his ward could not be prevailed upon to sit down. With the hot blood rushing into her face, Hilda answered before he could speak.

"I came to bring a message from your aunt, and as soon as it is delivered I must go." Hastily adding what she had been sent to say, she left the room.

Crossing the hall, she pushed open a side-door, and ran out into the garden, Never stopping until she had lost sight of the house, she threw herself down under an elm, and hid her face in her hands, her whole frame shaking with excitement. For five long months she had lived in a kind of fairy-land, and suddenly she came back to earth; the waking was not pleasant. Her life at her guardian's was her first experience of a real home. Her father had been an artist of some talent, but one of those men who seem born to ill-luck. She had always lived with him in lodgings—they had begun on the first floor, and ended in the garret; thus she had seen a good deal of life—continental life at that—good, bad and indifferent, mostly indifferent. She had loved, or rather worshipped, her father, and the words she had just heard seemed almost sacrilegious; they had broken up the quiet happiness that she thought would have lasted forever, when she found herself installed in this pleasant American home, with only Dr. Holmes and his mother for companions; yes, it was all broken up, and she hated the woman who had caused it, and thought, with quick jealousy, of her beauty. As the garden grew gray with the twilight, she rose, and walked slowly homeward. Passing the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, she paused and looked in unobserved. Mrs. Holmes was reading in one corner, while the doctor and Maud were turning over some music. The latter held up a sheet, and raising her face with its glowing eyes to Walter Holmes, asked if he remembered it. What his reply was Hilda could not hear, but looking at his face her own turned white and sick, and with set teeth, she mounted the stairs.

In her room she stopped a moment before the glass and looked at her image with averted head. The face was not remarkable, not even pretty, except the prettiness that belongs of right to girlhood. The features were decidedly commonplace, with the exception of the mouth, which was simply perfect; one of those which shadow forth every emotion before the words are uttered, sensitive, but withal firm.

She did not go down-stairs; she could not, for she had read something in Mrs. Grascole's face and in the answering look of her guardian that made her whole heart cry out.

Three or four weeks passed by, Hilda carefully avoiding Dr. Holmes and Maud. Neither seemed to notice or care for it; the last-named, because she had long ago decided she had nothing to fear from this girl; and, besides, one object engrossed her every thought at this time. As for the former, he and Hilda rarely spoke beyond the usual morning and evening salutations, though they had once been intimate; for this Hilda could only account by thinking that the old love had claimed him again; for by various speeches from Maud, she was sure there had once been "something more than friendship 'tween these two."

One afternoon the spirit of unrest was upon her, she wandered to and fro in the garden, and then into the music-room where Maud was playing something "brilliant," that is her hands were careering madly from one end of the key-board to the other, and there was a confusion of sounds, bass and treble seemed somehow to have got tangled together, but beyond this it was guiltless of idea or melody.

When it was finished the slender white hands dropped into the performer's lap and the dark eyes were turned upon the doctor.

"Thank you," he said, replying to the look; "that was very well done, Maud, but like syllabub, one cannot live on it forever; now if Hilda will, you shall hear something more substantial." He crossed to the window where Hilda had seated herself. "Come, you have not played for me for a long time," he said, bending over her.

Hilda opened her lips to refuse, but the expression of Mrs. Grascole's face decided her. Without speaking she seated herself at the piano. The next minute she repented having yielded, for her hands trembled so she could not trust them to execute the nocturne for which he asked.

"I cannot play," she said, hopelessly.

"Then sing," he answered, looking kindly at her pale face.

After a strange, sweet prelude she began "Land o' the Leal." Her voice was a rich contralto, and had been well cultivated. Music was a passion with her, and that afternoon there was an expression and pathos in her voice that startled both her hearers—a little of her own sorrow interpreting the song she sang as no woman can sing, unless her life has known something of sorrow. When the last plaintive note died away, a hush fell on the room. Mrs. Grascole's head was bent low upon her hand and the doctor was leaning against the piano, his grave face, pale and stern.

Maud was the first to speak, and with that polite insolence so effective in the hands of woman she said:

"Your voice is excellent, Miss Hilda, and for one in *your* position"—here she was interrupted by the closing of a door. Dr. Holmes had left the room; a slight movement of her eyebrows was the only sign that she noticed his going, as she continued calmly—"In your position it is fortunate you are so blessed. A poor girl—not that that is your position exactly—but still you will have to earn your living one day; when you are of age of course you will leave your guardian's house, and your music will be of service."

"Exactly." Hilda could trust herself to say no more.

"Yes, you cannot go on living with my aunt and Walter forever, you see that yourself; it would not do; besides, Walter will marry some day, and—well, we all know a wife does not care to encourage friendship between husband and ward."

Hilda rose from the piano white with indignation, more at the speaker's tone than her words.

The widow rose also, saying, "And to wind up my long speech with a word of advice, let me say, Miss Hilda, that it would be more delicate in you to take the initiative; you must see with me that your position here is rather a contradiction; it would be better if you could go at once Walter thinks as I do, but he cannot speak. Need I say more? I speak to a woman, like myself, and she understands that I do it out of kindness. Hilda, if I can help you to get a position as music teacher, believe me I will do it gladly."

Now, if Hilda had been brought up by the present model system she would have replied to this sweet speech with one as honeyed; but, unfortunately, as we have stated, she had rather *scrambled*, than been *brought* up, therefore it was with a face eloquent with shame and indigation that she replied:

"I would starve before I accepted your help after the insult you have offered me. I would rather beg my bread! Only be sure, neither you nor your cousin shall be troubled with me long. I leave his house to-night. Let me give you good-bye, and leave with you my profound thanks to your cousin for his hospitality; and will you also tell him the cause of my hasty departure?"

The widow winced at the last words, but this Hilda did not see, for she had turned toward the door. In the hall she came suddenly upon Dr. Holmes.

"What is it, Hilda? What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Please let me pass."

"Not until you tell me what this means. Looking at this subject from an impartial point of view, I should say your conduct has been perplexing for some time. What has changed my little friend? If it were not for her voice and her song this afternoon, I should think she had vanished. Hilda—"

For a minute she let her hand rest in his while hot tears gathered beneath her eyelids, and there was almost a passionate prayer on her lips—her heart was sore—but just then Maud's clear voice intoned an old Latin hymn, it was one of her freaks to sing these quaint Gregorian chants. This was a prayer for deliverance from temptation. Hearing it, Hilda grew cold and stern. Drawing away her hand she turned and met his eyes as she said—

"Thank you for your courtesy and all hospitality. Being still your guest, I may not say what I think of you; but this I must say, I pray God I may lie in my grave rather than ever again meet you."

She heard him call her name, but never turned to look back.

She intended to leave the house quietly, and the rest of the evening was spent in collecting her possessions. It was not possible to go until the next morning. The family were at tea when she entered the dining-room; she saw with relief that Dr. Holmes's place was vacant. Mrs. Holmes volunteered the information that he had driven ten miles over the country to see a poor woman who was dying. After this little more was said, the party was a silent one, and the evening wore slowly away. The clock struck eleven, but still the doctor had not returned. His mother drew aside the curtain and looked uneasily out into the dark night, saying she had implored him not to go; the road was almost impassable, and it was impossible to see the way on such a night. Shortly after that she left the room, and presently there was a confusion of sounds in the hall.

Maud rose, remarking the doctor must have returned. In a moment she came back, her beautiful eyes distended with fear—

"Hilda, the horse has come home with half the carriage; but Walter cannot be found." A flood of tears choked her voice.

Messengers were sent out with torches, on foot and on horse; servants and all, even his mother half-frantic with grief, left the house; only Mrs. Grascole and Hilda remained. The former walked up and down the floor, sobbing and talking incoherently.

"I cannot stay here inactive any longer; I am going—will you come?" asked Hilda.

"I! no, how can you ask me? Look at the night; and if we should find him horribly crushed,—you are cruel to propose it?"

There was something of contempt on Hilda's face as she left her. Outside of the house, she met one of the men just starting out; in spite of the man's objection, she followed him out of the garden, out to the road. He was an old servant, and Walter Holmes was still a boy in his eyes; his grief found vent in remembering and repeating all the doctor had said from his youth upward—and without dreaming of it, he was giving Hilda the most exquisite torture.

Hilda knew the road well; there was one place, a mile or two distant, where a side lane branched off from the main road; it was narrower and more dangerous, but shorter than the other. No one had had time to search it yet; besides, it seemed impossible to believe Dr. Holmes would have ventured on it such a night. When Hilda reached it she hesitated, but the next minute she and her companion were toiling over the stones and clay. The light of their torch was just enough to make everything seem darker—the moon was covered by clouds. After they had gone over a quarter of a mile, Hilda stopped; all her blood seemed to rush to her heart and leave her white and faint.

Old Nathan stopped also; both held their breath. Again they heard the same sound. This time there was no mistake; it was the doctor's voice, calling lustily for help, unlike a man dying or dead. Another second they stood on the edge of a high bank. The sound came from below. Hilda turned to the right and half jumped, half rolled, until she came to the level ground. The torch she held showed her Walter Holmes lying on the ground in anything but a comfortable position, one leg being doubled under him.

"Nathan, he is found at last!" Hilda said, kneeling beside him, forgetting all except her joy—even that she had prayed never again to see him.

"And it's about time, considering he has been here some hours!" rejoined the doctor with something like a laugh.

Nathan was dispatched to bring help. Walter insisted Hilda should stay. When they were alone she remembered, but only then, Mrs. Grascole's words. The torch was planted just where the light fell full on her face, and he never moved his eyes from her. Blushing, then angry at her blushes, she asked how the accident had happened.

"I took this road without thinking, and then thinking of—well, somebody else—I drove into a tree and was thrown out over this bank, and for punishment I have a broken ankle. Well, what are the tears for, Hilda?" he ended, as two large tears splashed upon his hand.

Then Hilda's composure vanished completely, and all the sorrow of the past weeks found vent in a burst of tears. Somehow Dr. Holmes's arms found themselves round her waist, and his kisses stopped her tears. Then all was explained, or rather there was nothing to explain. When Dr. Holmes heard of Maud's advice to Hilda, he laughed bitterly, saying—

"Maud ought to be contented; our little game was ended six years ago, when she jilted me—but you see I survived it."

Mrs. Grascole's delight was unbounded when the doctor was brought home alive. He stayed in his room for a day or two, and then limped down into the library. Maud made an attentive nurse, so did Hilda, for that matter; as neither she nor the doctor were demonstrative, no one guessed how matters stood between them. One evening Maud was seated near his sofa in deep thought, suddenly she said:

"Walter, you will marry some day."

"I intend to at no distant day," he replied, coolly.

A blush colored the widow's cheeks; then she went on: "And the question is, what *will* you do with Hilda, your ward?"

"That problem is easily solved, cousin. Hilda"—he held out his hand to her as she entered the room at that minute, "Maud is disturbed about your future; you must let me tell her that what I mean to do with my ward is to make her my wife;" with a smile he met Maud's eyes, then pulled Hilda toward him until their lips met.

If the wound was deep, Maud, being a woman, hid the fact successfully; some people were ill-natured enough to say it was the position not the man she had aimed at. Be that as it may, this fact remains—she failed.

☞ Reputation is as often got by noise as merit. The man who blows his own horn loudest and most is very apt to be considered the greatest and best out. Plated-ware, now-a-days, appears to be preferred by the majority of the people. Modest merit has very little chance to play a lute where a huge bass drum is beaten. The noisiest politicians commonly get the spoils, the loudest preachers the salaries, and the boldest women the most admiration. All of which goes to prove that the world has yet a field for improvement.

Answers to Correspondents.

Pay Your Postage.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column.

Ignorance, (St. Louis, Mo.,) says: "Please furnish me with a few answers through your paper, and you will greatly oblige a friend and reader. 1st. Can you describe the amusement called archery, which is popular in New York and this place? 2d. Please be kind enough to inform me of the title of Mrs. Wood's story which is now being published in the Lady's Friend. 3d. When a lady loves a gentleman, or a gentleman a lady, do you think the one person can do so without the other being conscious of it?" 1st. Archery, in its modern phase, is the use of the bow and arrow as a means of amusement. The time was when this weapon was an important instrument of warfare. It has now degenerated, in civilized nations, into a mere game, in which the arrow is shot at a target, for the purpose of testing the skill of the competitors. 2d. It is called "The Master of Greylands." 3d. Yes, we think so. There is a letter in this column which seems to prove it. A gentleman is seriously smitten by the charms of a lady, who is probably quite unaware of the havoc her bright eyes and blonde hair have made, and is, very likely, utterly oblivious of the existence of her devoted lover. Even in the case of acquaintanceship the love of very bashful people may fall to become apparent to its object.

W. B., (Cypress Valley, Miss.,) writes: "Like many others, I seek your advice. I am a young M. D.; twenty-two years of age. I have been engaged to a young lady nearly two years, and have visited her often for more than two years—except during my absence of five months at college; during which time I heard that she was engaged to a Mr. B., one of her visitors, who is not thought very well of in the community. I treated the report with indifference; and on my return, asked her if the report was true. She bitterly denied it, and said she never had, nor never would, consider Mr. B. anything more than a friend. But still she receives his visits, and goes with him to places of amusement, church, etc., (too often, I think, for one betrothed to another.) She is the only young lady that I ever loved, and I love her dearly! And she says that she never has, and never can, love any other gentleman with the same earnestness and zeal as myself. She has a ring which I gave her soon after becoming engaged to her; and she seems to appreciate it very highly. I am also wearing one that she gave me. Now this is what I want to know: should she continue to associate with this man, whom I know *not* to be a gentleman? or have I any right to object to her associates? If I have, and she continues it after my telling her, what should I do? Her parents, as well as my own, consent to our union. She is highly accomplished, good, and industrious—and for these reasons I do not wish to break off the engagement, which I have thought of doing, if she persisted in associating with this Mr. B. What is your advice? Lastly—how is my writing? At what per cent. could it be rated? and what is incorrect about it?" Are you not a little too exacting with your betrothed? If she is all you describe her, you should defer somewhat to her judgment. From what you tell us, there seems no doubt of her love for you, and you should be satisfied with this assurance without requiring her to break off all former friendships. Your merely telling her that her friend, Mr. B., is not a gentleman, may be viewed by her as a result of jealousy on your part. Are you able to bring her satisfactory proof of his not being a fit companion for her? If so, your course is plain, either to acquaint her with this proof, or if it be of a character which you prefer not to mention to her, you should bring it to the attention of her parents. If you can sufficiently prove your statement, and she continues to associate with the person afterward, you must decide for yourself what is proper for you to do, whether to break off the engagement or not. Your writing lacks finish and attention to the proper form of the letters; you need careful practice.

W. S., (Philadelphia,) writes: "Please tell me what to do. I went to the benefit of the Mercantile Association last year. It was the annual one, and I think the thirty-seventh. I am not sure. It was at the Academy of Music, in the balcony, on seats Nos. 284 and 285, I and my friend were sitting. I was at the left. On seats 94 to 98 were seated, a gentleman with a black mustache and beard on No. 96. Beside him, on 95 and 97, sat two young ladies, both of whom were brunettes. Beside them, on 93, sat a blonde, and next to her, on 94, sat her sister. The young lady who sat on No. 94 I am very much in love with. Since then I have tried to find out who she is, and I don't know whether she thinks of me; but to think of her makes me feel melancholy sometimes, because I have no means of finding out who she is. Of course I cannot force my company on other ladies, and I think if I was a little bolder I might find her, but I am not, so there is no use wishing. Now what I want is, how nad what am I to do? When she was looking at the speaker I would sit and gaze at her. I knew it was impolite, but I could not help it, and when I was looking at her once she happened to look in my direction, and I caught her eye, and that was the first time a woman ever made me flush up, because I loved her. I have gone since then with other ladies, but I cannot love one, although some are more beautiful. Can you help me in any way? The only way I would know her is by her face, and it was winter then and she wore a boa—a white one. Her sister also wore the same. They both had white sacques and white boas on. And another thing, when she looked at me I think she blushed, only I can't tell very well when a lady blushes. And she also drooped her eyelids." This is certainly a serious case, and we feel slightly melancholy ourselves from pure sympathy with your trouble. If we knew any blonde's sister who wore a white boa, the same as her sister wears, we would speak a good word for you. But unfortunately, we do not remember such in our visiting-circle. We think you must be mistaken about her blushing. It was, more probably, a reflection from your own face, which you acknowledge had a high color at that moment. It even seems doubtful whether she was really looking at you, as you supposed. She may have been looking into the vacancy behind you, and wondering whether she would have poached eggs or veal cutlets for breakfast. We have often read about love at first sight, but we never put any considerable faith in it. After your story, however, we take stock in all love tales we may read in future. Her eyes must have had good carrying power, however, to shoot you through the heart across the breadth of the academy. Seriously we have but one piece of advice to offer. That is, that you hasten to forget all about this lovely unknown. You are, we should judge, somewhat young and a trifle romantic as yet, and are on about as foolish and unprofitable a quest as we can well imagine. Ten to one if you found her, she would prove to be either married or engaged, or would have some other man in her mind's eye, and her advice to you would be similar to ours, to forget her and fall in love with some other lady as speedily as possible.

Ann, (Oswego.) They are, undoubtedly, the same person. We have given the correct name of the writer. The other parties referred to have changed the name of the writer and the story for purposes of their own. What these purposes are we can only guess, and must leave you the privilege of doing the same thing.

G. B., (Brookston, Ind.,) says: "I hope you will answer me a few questions in your correspondents' column, and oblige a constant reader of your paper. 1st. Can you tell me the price of the history of Mary, Queen of Scots; and also would you send it to me? 2d. Is there any singing-book that one could learn the notes from without a teacher? 3d. What is the meaning of the word lapping, in one of your stories, 'Wertzal the Scout?' It is in No. 27. It surely does not mean there what Webster defines it, and that was all the dictionary I looked into. 4th. Can you tell me where Jenny Lind lives at present?" 1st. There are numerous histories, ranging in price from about one dollar upward. We can procure you the work, if you signify about what priced work you wish. Of course, the larger works enter much more into detail. 2d. If you are satisfied that you can sound the scale correctly, you may learn from any elementary work, with the proper degree of perseverance. 3d. You should have given the context of the word. We have not time to make the necessary search for a single word. Old Wertzal was great on dialect, and got his language from a Wertzal Unabridged, instead of Webster. He may, therefore, differ from civilized people in his use of words. 4th. We do not know in what part of Europe she resides at present.

John, (Parker City, Pa.,) says: "I have been reading the Arabian Nights Entertainments. I am not informed as to who the author thereof is. Please enlighten me. Also how many stories does the entire book contain? I have been told there are a thousand altogether." There is nothing known concerning the authorship of these tales. They have descended to modern times from the period of the literary supremacy of the Arabians. They seem to have been written at Bagdad, at some period after the reign of Haroun Alraschid, the most powerful of the Caliphs—to judge from the internal evidence. There are not a thousand stories. The idea of their being related by a sultaness, through a thousand and one nights, is simply a scheme to combine them into one work. This idea is dropped after the first few stories, and the remainder are told separately. If you have the work you can easily count the number of stories for yourself.

Ella, (West Philadelphia,)—We do not give any opinion of the articles sent to us for publication. Those we think suitable we publish—those we do not we return to the address of the writer, when the address, and the requisite stamps, are sent to us. As to poetry, we generally publish the best that is sent to us; so that a poem may even be suitable for publication, and yet be pushed aside because we have better ones on hand.

[Several letters are held over to be answered to our next.]